The Outlook

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The Way of the Dictator

PANGALOS, the dictator of Greece, is out. The revolution which has transformed him from dictator to prisoner was foreseen in Greece. As a consequence it has come about without bloodshed. But whether it is a revolution in the interest of liberty is a question which the facts as now known do not answer. One avowed purpose of Pangalos was to get rid of parliamentary government by making the Presidency of Greece, like the American Presidency, independent of parliamentary control. There is no Constitutional limitation upon the power of the American Executive. That power is not derived from Congress and is exercised independently of it. This is not so under the European systems of democratic government. Under those systems the executive is the creature of parliament. The European prime minister is simply that member of the parliamentary body whom the parliament chooses for the time being to administer the laws. In Italy this system broke down, and we have Mussolini. In Greece it broke down, and we got Pangalos. In France it has broken down, and at the moment we are not sure whether we have Poincaré or nobody. Whether Kondylis, who has succeeded to power in Greece, can restore parliamentary government, as he promises to do, in eight months may be doubtful, but it is hardly to be expected that he can make it efficient. At any rate, it is too soon to learn whether in this latest upset Greece has made any progress toward liberty or order. Pangalos at least had an idea for Greece; but he has gone the way of all dictators.

The Struggle of Wills Over Britain's Coal Mines

"NOT a penny off the pay—not a minute on the day," has been the slogan of the striking coal miners in Great Britain. It is a fight for a standard of living, which has become less a controversy over wages and working conditions than a contest to see who

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General Kondylis

shall determine the conduct of the mining industry. The latest news from London has indicated that, after four months of struggle, neither owners nor workers are ready to give in. A conference between representatives of the mine operators and the Miners' Federation broke up without definite results or prospect of renewal.

Keystone

General Theodore Pangalos

Meanwhile coal is to be got in England—some being imported from other countries and some being produced under difficulties from British mines. An incident recounted lately by an Englishman just landed here from his country illustrates the situation. A friend who manages a factory needed new supplies of fuel. He made inquiries of the mining company from which he usually buys his coal. He was told that he would have to pay about double the previous price, but that a limited amount of coal could be furnished—enough to keep his factory running. Rather than shut down, he bought what he had to have.

Some miners are drifting back to work at seven and a half or eight hours a day, instead of the seven hours which was the union schedule. Just how many men are returning in this way it is difficult to estimate, but probably they are not enough to begin to solve the industrial problem or end the conflict. The strikers are being supported by funds from unionists in Europe and the United States, and also from the Communists in Soviet Russia. Despite their sufferings, the main body of them apparently are ready to go on behind their leaders. The issue remains, what it has been from the start, a test to determine whether the miners or the owners are strong enough to dictate the terms on which England may get her own coal.

Canada Will Aid Andrews

DESPATCHES from Paul Smith's say that President Coolidge regards the forthcoming agreement with the Canadian Government as "the most effective move yet made by this Government to enforce prohibition." True, the statement does not come direct from the President. No statement does. Always there is the spokesman—or a spokesman. If the President spoke directly, he would, we imagine, qualify the phrase, and call the agreement one of the most effective

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moves. But there can be no substantial doubt that the agreement with Canada, which seems assured because of the consummated agreement with the British Government, will greatly increase the efficiency of enforcement.

Secretary of State Kellogg is to arrange for a conference between representatives of our Departments of State, Justice, and the Treasury and the Canadian Minister of Customs. The agreement, which is regarded as a foregone conclusion, is expected to follow closely the terms of the agreement recently negotiated by General Lincoln C. Andrews and his associates in London. After the agreements are in operation, it is said that ships cannot obtain clearance papers out of a British port or have their papers changed by the Canadian authorities until the United States authorities have been notified. Enforcement officials, therefore, will have advance notice of movements of liquor toward our coasts and, under the treaty with Great Britain, will be in position to pick up the ships at the twelve-mile limit.

The co-operation of the Canadian authorities is, perhaps, more important even than that of the British, since so large a proportion of the illicit liquor which finds its way into this country comes by water from the Maritime Provinces of Canada or, by land, directly across the border at points farther west.

Synthetic Sunshine

THE world need never go hungry as long as the sun shines. So the chemists have declared at the Institute of Politics, at Williamstown, Massachusetts; and since scientists say so, it must be so.

Food in the future, it appears, is to be obtained from the light of the sun and the nitrogen of the air. Proteins and carbohydrates—those elements of nutrition which you hardly can escape getting in a good dinner whether you like them or not—will probably be made in the factory rather than raised on the farm. "Thirty men in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food value as 1,000 men working on 75,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions." These words of good cheer come from the same wise men who recently promised to do away with wars over fuel-oil fields by methods of extracting petroleum from coal shale. What the 970 superseded farmers would be doing, and whether they would like their food in the form of yeast when they got it, were questions left to other prophets.

All the rest of us have to do, it seems, is to trust to the chemists. We all like, at times, to imagine to ourselves the happy life of South Sea Islanders, lying under trees in the sun and allowing ripe breadfruit and bananas to drop into their laps. But in these less kindly northern latitudes, where the sun sometimes fails to shine and occasionally it rains, no such easy solution of the problem of living is in sight.

To be fair to them, the chemists did admit that—so far as we can see—we never can be free from the care and cultivation of the soil. But H. Foster Bain, Secretary of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, sounded more realistic in his treatment of the world's task of developing and using its resources. He called some of the chemists' predictions "fairy promises" which fail to deal with the hard facts of life. He discarded chemical synthesis as a solution of the problem of dealing with limited mineral resources. Engineers, he said, are interested in dealing with present values, and not with the hope in some far-off future of "marvelous synthetic substances held up to dazzle our eyes." He warned the public against being "lulled to sleep by a false sense of security" as a result of the theoretical possibilities of chemistry, and remarked: "Substitution and synthesis usually require some form of preparation or manufacture. Both of these absorb power. It would be only by happy and rare accident that production of new raw materials produced rather than used power." Time for many wars and years of troubled peace, he suspected, remained before the needs of modern civilization can be met by synthetic panaceas. There are the words and thought of the practical technician.

Day dreams are delightful. But afterwards it is salutary to direct the mind back to the immediate actualities of a hard-worked world.

War Bread in Peace Time

BELGIUM and France might have been encouraged by the good news from the nutrition chemists at Williamstown about the prospect of food from the air and sun, and also by the black case they made out against white bread. For the Belgian and French people have gone back on the war basis of "black bread" as part of the national effort to economize, pay off their debts, and redeem their depreciated currency.

The plight of Belgium and France is a striking example of the stubborn facts of the actual world. The bills for war may be put off, but they cannot be dodged. And the money that has been spent in war is gone. It has not been transformed into any productive enterprise. It has been literally "blown in." A nation recovering from a war may inflate its currency and so secure a passing period of apparently easy money, artificial expansion of business, and illusory prosperity. But when the exchange value of its currency slides too far down and inflation has to stop, there will follow a period of hard times or of panic—depending on how far the process has gone. During the process of readjustment to sound principles the actual costs of labor and manufacture will be higher, products will be dearer, and foreign trade will be lost because it is harder to sell in competition in markets abroad. Germany has learned this by ruinous experience, in which a powerful and ruthless class of financiers and industrialists practically bankrupted the state and great numbers of the middle and professional classes. Belgium and France, now that they have taken the hard road of return to sane finance, will have to learn the same lesson, in terms undoubtedly less harsh but equally inevitable.

Europe suggests, of course, that part of this difficulty might be met by canceling the war debts. But this would not mean wiping out some of the costs of war, although it might seem to many Europeans to accomplish that happy result. It would merely mean transferring them to the account of the people of the United States. Whether Europe or America should bear them has been allowed to become, unhappily, a matter of bitter and unreasonable dispute. But if Americans will stop to think what it means to Europeans to be eating war bread in peace time, nearly nine years after the Armistice, it may aid an understanding of their point of view and further at least a more kindly consideration of the whole complicated question of restoring the normal life of the world.

An Anglo-American Incident

A HAPPY incident of the celebration on August 18 of the 339th anniversary of the baptism of the first white child of English parentage born in what

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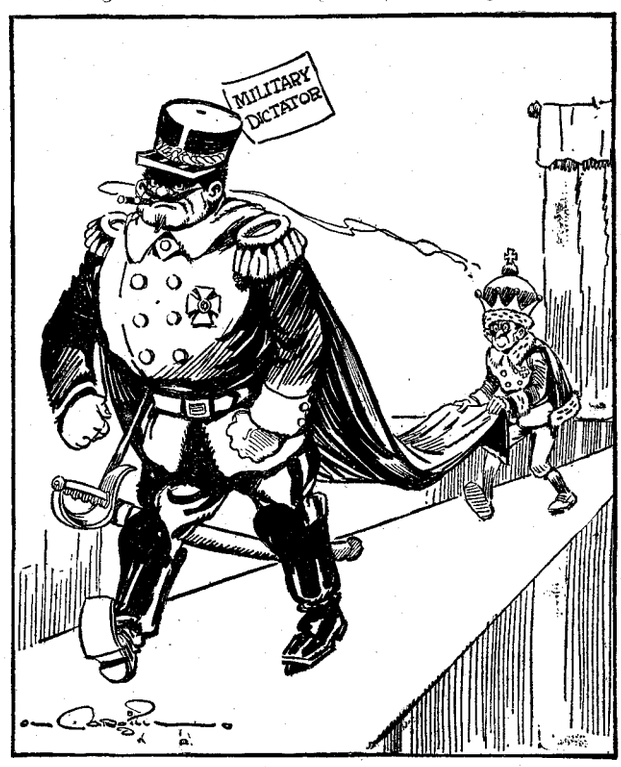
So am I driven

(1 Henry VI, Act V, Scene 5)

Knott in the Dallas News

The old-fashioned melodrama goes big in Europe just now

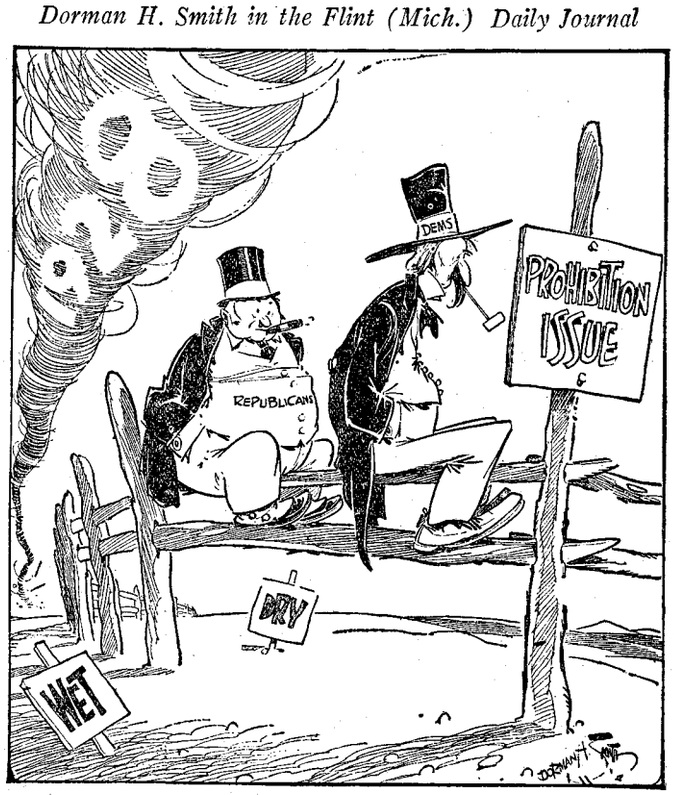
Cargill in the Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call



The divine right of kings—1926

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Dorman H. Smith in the Flint (Mich.) Daily Journal



Some guys have to wait for a cyclone to hit 'em

From Creta Lanphierd, Flint, Mich.

Darling in the Los Angeles Evening Express

Still some of the old-fashioned kind left

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Wide World

The British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard

is now the United States was the friendly declaration by the British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard: "America is giving a new message to the world, that the lives of men are more than mere goods and that peace and contentment are more than mere wealth." In view of the remarks on American avarice lately coming to us from abroad, Sir Esme's interpretation of what he further calls "the gospel of this new learning of political economy" is something more than the conventional friendliness that is expected in an international historical ceremony.

A monument marking the birthplace of Virginia Dare was unveiled. Virginia Dare and her parents were members of the "lost colony" which was brought by Sir Walter Raleigh to Roanoke Island in what was then Virginia in 1587. Virginia Dare's grandfather, John White, was the colony's Governor; and her father, who had the extraordinary name of Ananias Dare, was his chief assistant.

The island colony seems to have thrived for a time; but Francis Drake later found it in wretched condition. Governor White went with Drake to England to ask for help from Raleigh. When White came back in 1590, the colony was gone. It had been agreed that if the colonists left the island they should leave a sign; and White found the word "Croatan" carved on a tree. The name was that of a near-by island; but no trace of the colonists was found there or elsewhere. Whether they were slain by Indians or were absorbed by an Indian tribe (some writers believe that names of the colonists have been found in a distorted form among records of certain Indians) remains an insoluble historical mystery. Mary Johnston's story "Croatan" deals with this incident.

Self-Government in Business

AMERICAN business, apparently, is making progress toward capacity for self-government. Eight hundred and thirteen organizations and associations have adopted the code of business ethics formulated by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, thus recognizing the principle that business concerns ought to deport themselves in conformity to common-sense rules of restraint, fair play, and consideration for the rights of others.

Whether or not these eight-hundred-odd organizations can live up to the code they have adopted is another question. The adoption of a democratic constitution by a nation does not make it a democracy; declarations of national principles do not make self-government. No more does adoption of a code of ethics make self-government in business. The success of the movement will depend upon the clear-headed, right-hearted action of business men day in and day out. But the realization that a code of ethics for business is necessary and the adoption of it by so large a number of organizations is proof, at least, that American business would like to be self-governing in some better sense than that of every man for himself.

Whether this desire came from within or from without is not of tremendous importance. Beyond the possibility of a doubt, many business men have always desired to place their lines of business on a high ethical level. Beyond the possibility of a doubt also some of those not so concerned at the outset have become so because of Governmental regulation of business. There has long been complaint of "too much Government in business," and there is no doubt that the regulations of Federal and State boards, necessarily general and frequently inelastic, have hampered business in many particulars. It may be that we have had, recently, too much "government in

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business," but, to a certain large extent, Government had to regulate business because business was either unable or unwilling to regulate itself. The one way to get rid of "too much Government in business" is to put self-government in business, as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the 813 organizations scattered throughout the forty-eight States have undertaken to do.

It is hardly to be doubted that, if American business proves its capacity for self-government, Federal and State Governments will not interfere unduly. It ought to follow that business will not attempt to interfere unduly in the affairs of Government. The right of self-government in business can never be fully established until the right of self-business in Government is conceded.

The Beginning of Commercial Aviation

THE indications are that the time has almost arrived when a beginning of commercial aviation will be successfully made in the United States. Postmaster-General New has declared that the Government-operated air mail routes should very shortly become carriers of passengers and express parcels. The air mail, he says, can never be put on a self-sustaining basis so long as the planes carry only mail. And he believes that the public is ready to patronize the air mail lines to the extent of giving them passenger and express business.

President Coolidge has looked somewhat further still into the future—but, as he believes, a not distant future. He sees the time approaching when the Government will turn the carrying of air mail over to reliable firms and itself retire from the business of operating planes. The carrying of the mail will constitute a nucleus for the private operation of air routes carrying passengers and freight. The Postal Air Service, he thinks, has demonstrated the efficiency of American fliers and American aircraft, and has thus laid the foundation for successful commercial aviation.

The machinery is already in motion for putting into effect the Aviation Act passed at the recent session of Congress, mainly for the encouragement of commercial aviation. William P. MacCracken, Assistant Secretary of Commerce in charge of aviation, has announced the beginning of work on the survey of routes and the marking and lighting of landing-fields. A corps of engineer aviators has undertaken the surveying of five routes, and bids are in for supplying lights for them. Mr. MacCracken hopes to light, before the end of the year, nearly seven thousand miles of surveyed airways.

Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Postmaster-General Harry S. New

Graft Below Stairs

"BUTCHER, baker, poulterer, dairyman, laundryman, all have to pay tribute. I know of a judge—his name is a household word—who when on the bench is very hard on cases of bribery, yet his own cook takes discount."

So said a delegate to the Congress on the Prevention of Bribery, held recently in London, describing conditions as they existed in certain parts of the city. He said he did not know a single business which was not honeycombed with bribery, either by discounts or by sending Christmas boxes, or in other ways. "If a tradesman refuses to bribe, the servants find ways to bring him to heel. A parlor maid might leave a window open and so spoil a delicate household plant, or a cook might deliberately take means to spoil a piece of meat and afterwards complain of it." So the discussion went, and in the end a resolution was put forward in favor of taking some international action to suppress bribery.

The question is certainly one of international importance. For, although in this country, where necessity has proved itself so largely a mother of invention, and the dearth of domestic help has resulted in the development of the labor-saving device and the exodus from the home to the hotel, the bribery of the domestic servant may be almost eliminated, the same system of petty blackmail is to be found on all hands. From the bootblack to the head waiter, and back again to the bell-hop, tribute is levied and its payment enforced under threat of all manner of petty worries and inconvenience, while bribery for trade extends all the way from the newsboy to the highjacker, round by the Congressman and the Senator, back again to the Italian fruit vender, who pays Danegeld to safeguard his pitch from invasion.

Quite apart from the fundamental immorality of the practice, it is, of course, the consumer in the widest sense of the word who always pays. As the representative to the London Congress justly put it, "The practice of making it necessary for tradesmen to pay bribes to get custom results in raising prices, for if a shopkeeper is bled by the cook or the butler he must recoup himself, either by charging extra or by sending short weight."

Six Dollars a Day

THERE appeared recently the following newspaper headline:

U. S. TRAVEL ALLOWANCE INCREASED TO $6 DAILY

That is the work of General H. M. Lord, Director of the Budget, assisted by the Federal Traffic Board. But it may not stand. Comptroller-General McCarl has still to pass upon it, and he will not pass upon it until some Federal employee submits an expense account under the new regulations, and the new regulations do not go into effect until October 1. In fact, the czar of Federal finances will not pass upon this point until long after many employees have submitted expense accounts. Each employee who travels will submit his expense account to the disbursing officer of his own department. He will get the money—and spend it. Then the account will go through dark, deep, devious channels until, in the course of months, or maybe years, it will come up from that "cavern measureless to man" to the bright light of McCarl's flat-top desk. And he will, perhaps, disapprove it. There will be some thousands of others like it. Thousands of employees, in order to make up the difference between six dollars a day and four dollars a day, will have to re-

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fund millions of dollars that they have already spent.

Despite all that, there must be a glorious feeling of elation among the thousands of Federal employees who travel—a feeling of freedom and ease and affluence—because they are to have the princely sum of six dollars a day for traveling expenses. They have had four dollars a day, and no more, since the good old days when a breakfast of bacon and eggs and rolls and coffee—with cereal if wanted—could be bought for fifteen cents and an all-around good dinner for a quarter. Those were the days when Government salaries were accounted large, when men scrambled mightily for them, when of those who got them "few died and none resigned." But things have been different these years back. Instead of a few good jobs, there came to be a host of poor ones. The Federal employee who stayed in Washington could barely scrimp through, and the one who traveled—well, possibly he had friends along the way who would invite him to dinner occasionally, and, if he planned his trip perfectly, he could spend most of the nights on a Pullman car and pay for the accommodations with a Government green slip. Even so, some died and a few resigned. With lodging left out of account, four dollars would not buy "three squares" with anything left over for tips to waiters and porters and other incidental inevitables.

That fine old phrase, "the full dinner-pail," has dropped out of Republican nomenclature these latter years, but it is good to know that the idea persists and that a Republican Administration wants to fill the Federal traveler's pail, if not full, at least to the rim. But then there is McCarl, and he is not beholden to Republican or Democrat, Congress or President, man or devil. He has his job for a term of fifteen years, apparently cannot be removed, evidently does not expect to be reappointed, and does as he pleases with Government accounts.

Economy and the Camel

It is marvelous how far the authority of Comptroller-General McCarl reaches. He is as much at home "from Rangoon to Mandalay" as between the classic columns of the United States Treasury building. He exercises control as absolute over drinking-water in the Orient as over taxicab fare in an American city. He will allow one cab fare if the railroad station is a mile or more from the hotel or if the Weather Bureau records show that it was raining at that particular place on that particular day. Whether or not he will ever allow a bill for drinking-water in the Orient remains to be seen.

Our Vice-Consul in Rangoon, Burma, recently submitted such a bill. That Vice-Consul, apparently, had not been attending to his business. A Vice-Consul ought to read statistical reports, of his own and possibly of other Governments. But this one, apparently, read Kipling. Perhaps he first went astray because, being in Burma, he wanted to know about the attractions of Burma and, just possibly, about that Burma girl whose "petticut was yallar" and whose "little cap was green." But he did not stop with reading "Mandalay." Perhaps he thumbed the pages idly until he came to that camel ballad, and he must have read it to the bitter last line—"But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and then o' course we dies."

No matter about the details. Our Vice-Consul at Rangoon went out and bought some bottled water to drink. In the course of time—not having drunk of the camel—he submitted an expense account of $11.20 for bottled water. Comptroller-General McCarl disapproved the item, and the Vice-Consul will have to refund $11.20 to the Treasury of the United States. And, presumably, he will have to drink in the future from the native water casks, camel or not. The Comptroller-General of the United States has ruled that water which is good enough for the native population of Rangoon is good enough for the American Vice-Consul resident there—or words tantamount thereto.

Economy, Governmental and personal, is a problem for everybody else in Washington. For Comptroller-General McCarl it is apparently as simple as A B C.

Revolt Against the Primary

Repeal or amendment of direct primary laws will be an issue in many, perhaps in most, of the State Legislatures this winter. Dissatisfaction with the primary, amounting to a demand for action, has become extremely widespread in a very short time and, apparently, without direct leadership. For that reason it may be construed as a genuine popular demand. Undoubtedly, however, some old-line political bosses would be glad to see the primary go by the board. While they may know that they can control primaries, they have not forgotten that they used to control conventions. The bosses would probably like to see a return to the convention system without safeguards. The popular demand is for a system differing from both the primary and the convention in that it would be, so far as possible, protected against the undue use of money and influence. The battle between the bosses and the people will be fought in the legislative chambers.

The primary is a direct issue in several States and an indirect issue in many others. In New Jersey the Republicans are outspoken for abandonment of the primary, while the Democrats would retain it. In Indiana the situation is reversed. The Democrats have pronounced flatly for primary repeal. In Ohio an initiative petition is to be submitted for a constitutional amendment abolishing the primary. There is no apparent party line-up for and against it. In Illinois the primary law has been declared unconstitutional and the question of what is to be substituted is an issue in the campaign preceding the November elections.

In most of the States the issue will come between individual candidates for legislative seats rather than between parties. The fact that such contests are imminent in many States is indicated by an appeal recently sent out by "Labor," the organ of the railroad workers of the La Follette school. "Labor" still favors the primary and calls upon its readers to stem the tide of anti-primary sentiment by defeating candidates for legislative seats who favor repeal of primary laws. "Labor" declares that it is the politicians, and not the people, who are "plotting to amend or repeal the primary."

The alignment for and against primary reform threatens to be somewhat motley. The labor groups represented by "Labor"—if they are represented by that journal—are opposed to any change in existing primary laws. Indications are that certain Anti-Saloon League leaders also oppose any change. Yet these labor groups and these Anti-Saloon League officials do not love one another or work toward the same ends.

The most serious question in the primary reform movement is: How can the reform be accomplished without playing into the hands of machine politicians

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and others who aspire to the control of elections?

Still a Mystery

On another page we present an article dealing with the mystery of the brig "Marie Celeste," written by Dr. Oliver W. Cobb, a cousin of Captain Briggs, of that vessel. The theory he advances is, it seems to us, plausible and has been held also, we are told, by Captain Winchester, owner of the brig, and by Arthur S. Briggs, a surviving son of Captain Briggs. A similar theory was advanced by Captain Boyce, of the Dei Gratia, the vessel which brought in the abandoned brig, but he inclined to think that the cause of abandonment was fear lest the vessel was about to strike a rocky and dangerous coast.

We recently retold the yarn spun by "John Pemberton" to a writer in "Chambers's Journal." Since then we have read the Triggs version of which Dr. Cobb speaks, and have also seen a long and interestingly illustrated article in the Boston "Post" of August 8 last, which is in part an interview with Captain Briggs's son. He declares, "There is not a word of truth in Pemberton's story." This assertion is supported by known facts that flatly contradict John, the cook. For instance, the piano, which, according to John, broke away and killed the captain's wife, turns out to be a portable melodeon, still in existence (John said the captain threw the piano overboard); John gives a list of the crew, not one name in which is on the owner's list, not even his own; he puts the number of the crew at ten, whereas it was actually eight; he says that the cargo was oil and lumber, whereas it was alcohol. And so on.

When we expressed the hope that John's story wasn't true, we might have adduced as one reason the fact that it threw an aspersion on Captain Boyce, whose narrative was fully accepted by the owner of the brig and the relatives of Captain Briggs. As for Triggs's remarkable tale, a reading in view of the known facts would lead almost any one to believe that the captain of the British navy who repeated it must have been the innocent victim of a sailor's love for yarning. Triggs, for instance, gives the brig two boats, whereas she had only one, another having been smashed before sailing.

Even the brig's name has gone down incorrectly in the discussion of this sea mystery. She was the Mary Celeste; Conan Doyle seems to have rechristened her "Marie Celeste" in an exciting short story.

The mystery remains unsolved so far as proof goes; for even if we accept the best theories as to this sea tragedy, there remain unexplained circumstances. As Dr. Cobb truly says in a letter accompanying his article, the story of the loss of Captain Briggs, his wife, and his infant child is a great, sorrowful tragedy.

Wide World

Stuart P. Sherman

Stuart Pratt Sherman

As readers multiply, the duty of the critic of literature increases in importance. There never was a time when there was such need of informed and skillful guides to sound literary taste and judgment. For that reason the death of Stuart P. Sherman is a serious loss to America. There are writers on books who can express in clever phrase their feelings evoked by their reading. They sometimes entertain the reader and sometimes whet his appetite for literature; but they do not train the judgment of the reader or give him the means of training his own judgment. There are other writers on books who bring to their reading a knowledge of what is best in the past and a well-conceived understanding of the principles which underlie all fine art. These are the real guides that a literate people need and find all too rare. It was among these few that Dr. Sherman belonged. Whether agreeing with his judgments or not, one always had respect for the knowledge and understanding on which they were based. And Dr. Sherman expressed his judgments in a style that was always interesting and was often keen and witty. A native of Vermont, a graduate of Williams College, a Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy of Harvard, Dr. Sherman was for eighteen years a teacher of English, first at Northwestern University and then at the University of Illinois. In 1924 he became literary editor of the New York "Herald Tribune." On another page in this issue his most recent book is reviewed by the editor of the Book Table in words which, written before Dr. Sherman's sudden death of heart failure after a canoe accident, convey in the very expression of hope for the long continuance of his future service to letters some sense of what American critical literature has lost.

Death and Headlines

The same daily papers that told of the passing of Charles W. Eliot told also of the death of Valentino, king of movie romances. It is a strange commentary upon our standards of proportion that in many instances the news of Valentino's death spread itself across three, four, and even eight columns of news print, while the death of America's foremost educator was given but the space of a single column. At least in the editorial pages of the press the balance came near to being restored, for the writers of editorials, if not the writers of headlines, measure the death of President Eliot as the larger event.

But perhaps it is not so strange that the death of a man who came to this country as a young and impoverished Italian and who, in little more than a decade, won his way to pre-eminence in the screen world should be considered as news of portentous size. The language which he spoke has aptly been called the "Esperanto of the eye"—a language as valid in the heart of China as in the movie palaces of Broadway. The thoughts of President Eliot were cast in no such universal code. Why grow cynical over the standards of our generation when even the writers of headlines are aware that the space they grant for the melancholy triumph of a dead actor celebrates only the termination of his fame? There will be time in the future

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to measure the achievements and count the victories of men of the mold of Charles W. Eliot.

The Second Founder of Harvard

IF any people should be judged by their best, the Puritans of New England can be understood only in the light of such a life as that of President Eliot. Certainly there was beauty, suavity, and symmetry in a culture under which his character came to flower. It is customary to speak of Puritanism as hard, austere, narrow, intolerant, unhappy; as indeed the denial of those ideals commonly called Grecian; but Charles William Eliot, son of the Puritans and student of the natural sciences, was perhaps the most conspicuous example in our day and Nation of that balance of character, that orderliness of mind, that capacity for serene enjoyment, which men associate with the Greek ideal. The end of his life, which came on Sunday of last week, at Northeast Harbor, on the island of Mount Desert in Maine, befitted the rest of it. It was the rounding out, the full completion of his years and his service.

If a nation is to be judged by the men it honors, America cannot rightly be understood without some knowledge of the man who was widely, almost universally, regarded as the Republic's first citizen. Sometimes it is thought with reason that America, as compared with the Old World, is underbred, undignified, prone to extremes of materialistic self-seeking and idealistic sentimentalism; but, whatever the defects of the American people may be, they have the capacity to recognize the leadership of one who was distinguished for his breeding, dignity, and poise.

At the age of thirty-two Mr. Eliot deliberately chose the profession of teaching. Perhaps he had made his choice before this; but it was then that he put the choice to the test by declining a remunerative position as mill superintendent. Three years later he became President of Harvard. What he accomplished in his Presidency was virtually the creation of the University that now is. That it is the greatest of American universities is due, not only to its inheritance, but also to its development under President Eliot. He may truly be said to have founded it anew. His achievement was thus summarized in this journal in an editorial when his resignation was announced in 1908:

> During those forty years Harvard had grown from a Unitarian college to an unsectarian university, from an undergraduate population numbering 423 on the average in the five years 1861–5, to a scholastic community numbering 6,000, with as many teachers in 1908 as it had undergraduate pupils in 1868. Then it was little known outside of New England, now wherever Anglo-Saxon culture has found a residence; then, apart from its professional schools, its curriculum was mainly Latin, Greek, mathematics, and a little science, now there is no branch of liberal learning which it does not include; then it was a higher school whose President stood to the students *in loco parentis*, now as essentially a self-governing community as any in America; then with standards of graduation probably little if any higher than its standards of admission now; then dominated by a coercive institutional religion, now by a spirit of free individual religion in which all forms of faith and worship are alike welcome.

It has sometimes been said that in bringing about the change thus summarized his greatest contribution was in the development of what is known as the elective system. As a matter of fact, the elective system was simply an outward manifestation of President Eliot's faith in liberty as a fundamental in education. He did not believe in liberty for its own sake. He had no use for the kind of education that makes a fetish of "self-expression." To him liberty was simply the element in which the will must live and grow. To him education was not reading, writing, and arithmetic, or their modern equivalents. It was not a device to make a democracy safe by educating its voters, or a nation secure by making its soldiers intelligent, or a people prosperous by making workers efficient; it was a means and a necessary means to make happiness general, to spread among the people "the enjoyment of the solid, human satisfactions."

Education, therefore, to him was a process "that lasts through life." It was directed toward efficiency, but only in the sense of that efficiency that makes for happiness. In an article published in The Outlook twenty-one years ago last July and delivered as an address before the Schoolmasters' Association of New York he expressed this idea of the efficient life in these words:

> Efficiency is the great source of private happiness and of public prosperity—the exercise of power intelligently and with enjoyment. Is not that true of the life of every person here? Do we not all get our real satisfactions through efficiency, including, of course, in efficiency its condition, physical and moral health, and its results, productiveness and serviceableness? Is not our own personal healthy efficiency in labor and service the groundwork of our content with life?

To promote this efficiency he found one essential process in the development of the individual's will power. This he found to be possible not by compulsion but by the exercise of freedom. In education, therefore, Mr. Eliot was primarily a liberator.

But it was not to formal education that Mr. Eliot dedicated himself. It may be said that the Presidency of Harvard was, after all, an incident, though by all odds the chief incident, in a career that was given to the whole sphere of education in its widest sense. His selection of such master works of literature as he regarded conducive to a broad view of life which were collected and published as the "Harvard Classics," his addresses before various gatherings on the widest variety of subjects from the politics of the day to religious ideals, and from the application of democracy to industry to the discussion of contemporary manners, and his many other public activities, made him a teacher of teachers, a leader of those ambitious to lead, a provoker of thought, a professor at large, and adviser and consultant to all who were busied with the affairs of the mind, from the humblest teacher in the lower grades of the common schools to the President of the United States.

And throughout his life he practiced what he preached. He found in his work "the durable satisfactions of life." He not only had no faith in arbitrary authority of ideas, whether educational, religious, or political, but never sought to exercise it himself. It was characteristic of him, for instance, that when he went before a legislative committee in Massachusetts to oppose the taxation of college property he did not speak with authority as one who knew what was right and was telling non-experts what conclusions they should reach, but rather laid before that body certain facts from which they could draw their conclusions as well as he. So when he discussed religious questions, as he often did, he was often apothegmatic but never dogmatic. He took pains to explain and define his terms. When he

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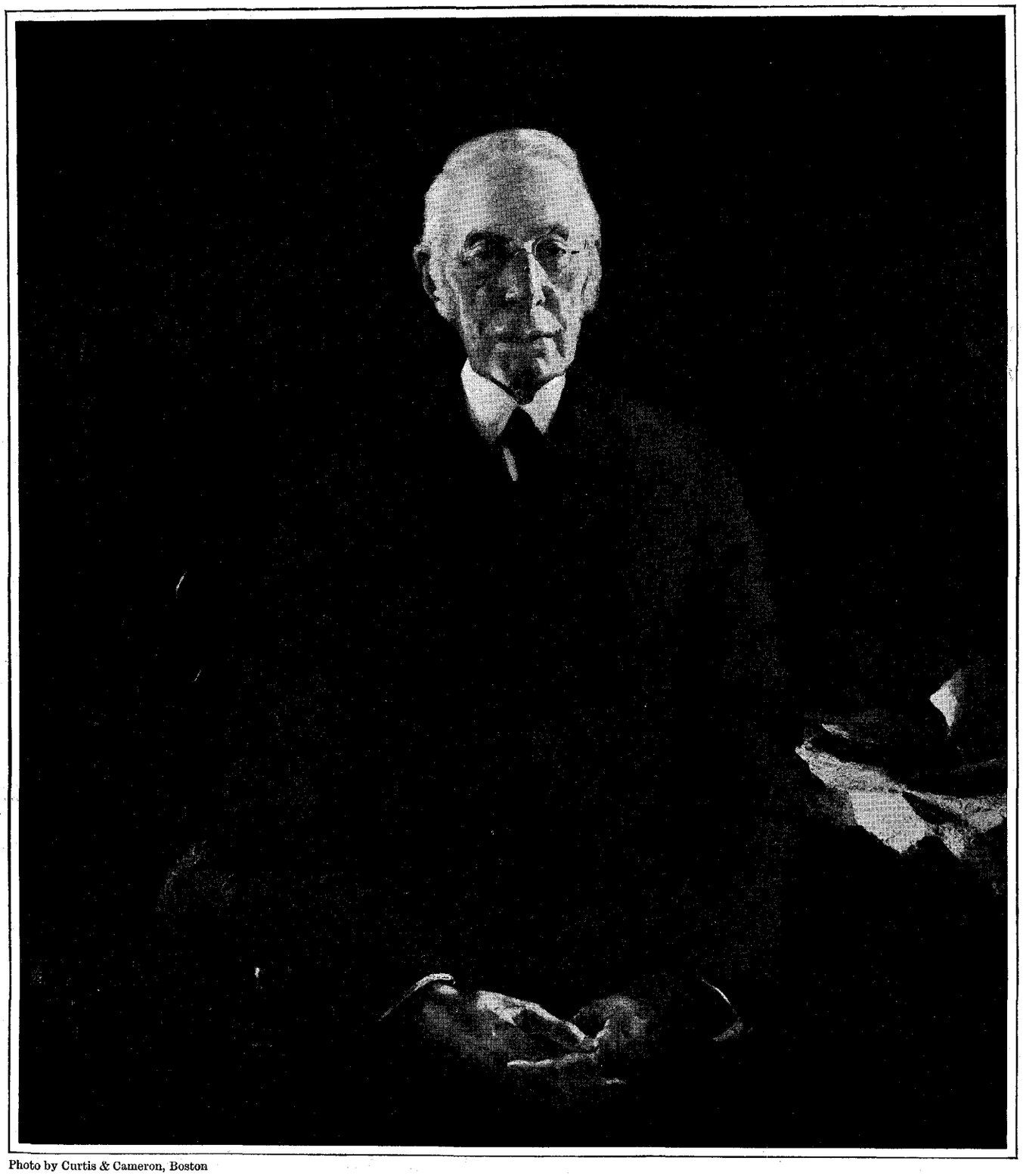

Photo by Curtis & Cameron, Boston

Charles William Eliot

President of Harvard University 1869–1909, and President Emeritus 1909–1926. The photograph of this oil portrait of President Eliot from the brush of Charles Hopkinson is reproduced here by the courtesy of the Harvard Club of New York

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spoke of religion, he made it clear what he meant by religion, so that if his hearers understood something else by the word they would at least not misunderstand him. He was precise in his use of language. The beauty of his style lay in its precision. No one in his day equaled him, no one in any day has surpassed him, in the framing of sententious inscriptions. He valued manners and taste as he valued all elements of a rounded and complete life. He was disturbed by some of the bad manners of modern young persons, and particularly young women, not because they violated conventions, but because they were impediments to the kind of life that can truly be enjoyed. He was not of a pugnacious disposition, but he never fled from controversy, and when engaged in it was as unsparing as he was always courteous and courtly.

He believed so thoroughly in what is called sometimes democracy and sometimes republican institutions that he coveted for all mankind the best. He was an aristocrat because he was a democrat. He believed in the people, and therefore he believed in the need for leadership. Freedom he believed included freedom in the choice of leaders. He could believe in the government of society through co-operation because he had faith in the powers of the individual. No European aristocracy could have produced him. For those whose faith in America may waver there is no better tonic than acquaintance with the mind and character of this great and distinctive American, Charles William Eliot.

Making Workmen Capitalists

THE process of communizing by the distribution of stock in corporations among consumers described more than once in The Outlook —but notably by Mr. Seitz in the issue of April 28—has had a further development in recent days through the extension of security distribution to workers. So considerable has this movement become that it is now the subject of a study made by Robert F. Foerster, Director of the Industrial Relations Section and Professor of Economics at Princeton, and Elsa H. Dietel, Assistant Director, and published by the University under the title "Employee Stock Ownership in the United States."

The movement to interest employees in ownership appears to have had the first substantial beginning about 1900, when the Illinois Central Railroad developed a plan for selling stock to its men. The National Biscuit Company followed suit. Then the movement took on considerable impetus, which has grown steadily in strength. The United States Steel Corporation, the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, the International Harvester Company, and the Du Ponts were conspicuous examples. Profit-sharing had been instituted earlier by Procter and Gamble, who also afforded a basis for acquiring stock by workers. Profit-sharing seems to have preceded ownership in numbers of instances and is still widely practiced. It lacks, however, the certainty and full responsibility that comes with stock ownership.

More recent sellers of securities to their employees have been the Dennison Manufacturing Company, the Standard Oil Company, Chicago and Brooklyn Edison Companies, and the Consolidated Light and Power Company of Baltimore. These were later supplemented by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, the American Tobacco Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, the Studebaker Corporation, the Texas Company, and the Niagara Falls Power Company. All these began the practice before 1921.

Since that year the movement has grown amazingly. The further list includes Armour & Co., the Radio Corporation of America, the Fleischmann Company, Great Western Sugar Company, Pacific Mills, Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, United Shoe Machinery Corporation, Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company of Stamford, Connecticut, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, General Motors, Brooklyn Manhattan Transit Company, United Cigar Stores, Corn Products Refining Corporation, National City Bank of New York, California Petroleum Corporation, Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, International Cement Corporation, the Pullman Company, and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

This by no means covers all corporations that are opening their doors to their workers, but suffices to show the extent of the movement and its "communizing" character. That much of the initiative was taken on behalf of the "white collar" men is true; but, with the great rise of wages that has taken place in the last decade, workmen have been placed in a position where many are better able to invest than members of the clerical and managerial forces. The marked thing about it is the fact that companies have come to the conclusion that they are democratic institutions—and this is the most remarkable social discovery of the age. Men whose minds run back beyond the coming of the twentieth century recall quite clearly the time when corporations had no souls, and when their employees had little more identity than numbers, to say nothing of possessing rights or interests in common with the owners. They were as wide apart as the poles. The "white collars" were no better off in this respect than the workmen. They were afraid of their lives. Officers and directors lived in a higher realm, to which but few of the underlings dared aspire. As for workmen, no one ever thought about them. It was left for the labor unions to lift them up into the daylight.

The unions, it would now appear, acted wisely when they shied off from profit-sharing and benevolent schemes for their betterment. They rightly regarded these as poor substitutes for decent wages and working conditions, preferring independence to peonage, and money in hand to pensions. The result of their standing out is visible in the new corporation policy, which takes every man in who is willing to come and assists him in some notable instances to finance his holdings. The reason for this may be found in the disappearance of industrial aristocracy in the United States. So it is that here in America, as a further development of true democracy, we are having a "communizing" of capital that takes in all classes. While anti-red propaganda as a remedy for imaginary "redness" has been peddled about, real redness has been drowned in the flood of good wages and chances to share as owners in great enterprises.

Most conspicuous among the "communes" is that of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, where the employees own one-third of the capital stock of $30,000,000, under a pooling system devised by Thomas E. Mitten, head of the corporation, whereby a percentage of wages is divided monthly and turned over to the Mutual Benefit Association to be invested *en bloc*. It now represents a holding of about $1,500 for each man. The company has made it a recent practice to sell its stock also to car riders

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when new issues required for expansion are marketed.

What we are to welcome in the growing extent of this great change is the breaking down of another great barrier to opportunity, to a true democratization of industry that does not disturb organization, but makes it the servant and not the master of the employee. No Marxian theory ever developed so practical and sensible a method of adjusting the relations between the earners and makers of money. Continued, as it must be, in the very nature of things it will make the economic road in America very smooth.

"Voteless Washington"

A SYNDICATE writer recently suggested that all of the acts of Congress since 1911 are invalid because, in the Reapportionment Act of that year, the population of the District of Columbia was not deducted from the total population of the country before the apportionment was made. Therefore, he argues, Congress has not been organized since 1911 "according to the Constitution." He speaks of 500,000 "political orphans," the non-voting population of the District of Columbia.

There is, of course, no such thing as a non-voting population of 500,000 in the District of Columbia. Perhaps four-fifths of the residents of the District are citizens of the States. Such of them as are of voting age are qualified voters in the States. If some of them do not exercise the right to vote, they simply neglect a privilege, as do many of their fellow-citizens nearer the polling booths. As a fact, however, a large proportion of the residents of Washington do vote. Some of them go home at election time. Many others vote by mail. In so far as the population of the District of Columbia is made up of Government employees, there is no loss of the right to vote. In so far as it is made up of tradesmen and professional persons who prefer Washington to other cities, the right is renounced deliberately and in most cases cheerfully.

If the right of suffrage were extended to the District of Columbia and if all residents became citizens in order to exercise the right, we should have the remarkable spectacle of a Federal Government drawing practically its entire official personnel from one—and the smallest—of its forty-nine political divisions and from among less than one-two-hundredth of its population. At present Federal employees are appointed from the forty-eight States on a definite quota basis. The right of citizenship in a State is a much more valuable right than that of casting a ballot in the District of Columbia could possibly be.

Complaint is made, too, that the District of Columbia does not legislate for itself, that "Congress is the Common Council for the city of Washington." It is difficult to see how Washington ever could be given the right to legislate for itself without an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That instrument, in enumerating the powers of Congress, lists this as Number 17:

> To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased . . . for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings.

That Federal employees in the District of Columbia should vote as citizens of the District of Columbia and elect legislative representatives was no more in contemplation than that Federal employees in the Mare Island Navy Yard should vote as citizens of the Navy Yard reservation. That the "non-voting" population of Washington should be deducted from the total population before apportionment for representation in Congress was no more contemplated than that the officer instructors at West Point should be so deducted. We shall have to search further for a means of invalidating all of the acts of Congress since 1911.

Personality in Art

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

ROYAL CORTISSOZ, in one of his delightful papers in "The Field of Art," has set me thinking about the important part which personality plays in the popular estimation of artistic genius. In theory we are taught that artistic judgments must be based upon the principle of "art for art's sake." In practice we cannot get away from the influence of personality. Take the case of the French artist Ingres, about whom Cortissoz writes so ingratiatingly in the August "Scribner's." Ingres is one of the great names in the history of French painting. Cortissoz makes this clear and praises him for his perfection of design and draughtsmanship. He might be called a painter for painters. The reason why he has not made a greater appeal to the general public is perhaps found in the following pronouncement of an authoritative French critic: "He is distinguished by the perfection of his drawing and by the purity of his line; but his color is muddy and generally a little cold." So much for technical criticism. I do not know that Cortissoz's article, interesting as it is, would have given me an urge to hunt up examples of the work of Ingres. But when I learned elsewhere that Ingres originally intended to be a musician, played the violin with professional skill, and after he became a distinguished painter was an intimate friend of Cherubini, Mendelssohn, and Franz Liszt, my interest in his genius was whetted. Here was a man who could ride two horses at once and ride them well. Ingres's great distinction as a painter led to his appointment as director of the French Academy in Rome, but his musicales in the Imperial city were apparently more talked about than his painting.

ANOTHER current magazine—the admirable "American Magazine of Art"—reveals the double genius of another great painter. Perhaps his intimates knew about it, but the general public will be surprised to learn—at any rate, I was—that the late John Singer Sargent was an accomplished musician. This interesting news is told in an article by Grace Wickham Curran, who pleasantly describes a visit to Grenada, where she discovered a wine-shop and a vintner of a character truly and exclusively Spanish:

> The master of the wine-shop led us, however, through another door and across a small vine-hung inner patio, from which opened a scrap of a kitchen. Everything was spotlessly clean, every utensil an antique treasure and we longed to linger and prowl into corners. A steep, almost ladder-like stairway led up past a wall hung with old Spanish rugs, brocades, carv-

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ings. On stair landing and over-door shelves were placed softly gleaming copper and brass jugs, old bowls and jars. We quite caught our breath as we stepped forth into the little upper room, a real museum and art gallery, with several pieces of fine old furniture and walls hung close from floor almost to ceiling with oil and water-color sketches, drawings and etchings. Examining the signatures, we found the names of well-known French, English, and German painters and two or three American comrades of our own old Paris student days. All these had come and left souvenirs of their passing.

But with rare dramatic skill our host had saved the cream, the climax of our visit, for the last. A piano stood in a smaller room, opposite the door leading thither, and above it, with a special light arranged to show its beauties, hung a characteristic and beautiful Sargent water-color, equal to any we had ever seen in world museums. At one side there hung also a large black-and-white drawing, a portrait of our host himself, inscribed in Sargent's own handwriting, "A mi amigo." We questioned, "Do you realize that this water-color is a valuable painting?" "Ah, yes! Señores," he responded. "Es el mio." (It is mine.)

Then we heard the story of how Sargent was once detained at Alhambra by the illness of his mother, who lay in the pension Villa across the way. Every evening he used to mount the narrow stairway to these little rooms, where he lingered often till the small hours of the night, talking over many subjects with this sympathetic and adoring friend, and playing wonderful music on the piano. We may be sure he did not omit from his choice many of those alluring Spanish compositions which carry such an undertone of ancient Moorish melody.

If the old proverb be true that a man is known by the company he keeps, does not this glimpse into a Spanish wine-shop and its tiny upper chamber reveal to us a whole chapter in the biography of the man Sargent? He shunned the whole world and was shy and inexpressive in the presence of dignitaries, but he opened his heart to this simple man of the people who shared his delight in all things beautiful.

ANOTHER current periodical—"Books," published in conjunction with the New York "Tribune"—calls attention to the revival of interest in the great French caricaturist, Honoré Daumier. There is a popular notion—somewhat justified, it is sad to say, by experience—that poverty and painting are natural mates. John Singer Sargent was an exception to the rule, but Daumier's life confirms it. Daumier was a struggling lithographer, and the great volume of the work which he left consists of wonderful lithographs. He was not only an artist, but a satirist, and his ridicule of the *bourgeois* Government under Louis Philippe put him in jail for six months. He died totally blind at seventy years of age. During his lifetime he achieved a wide reputation—perhaps notoriety would be a better word—as a newspaper cartoonist. But it was not until after his death that his merits as a painter and his transcendent gifts as a draughtsman were recognized. He has been called the Michelangelo of caricature, a title which he might well share with Gavarni.

What interests me most about Daumier, aside from the Hogarthian humor and vitality of his work, was his friendship with François Millet. They were both poor, they were both engaged in portraying the lines and movements of the human figure in modern occupations and dress, and they both had high ideals about the worth and dignity of man. When Millet lived in Barbizon, Daumier used to be one of his most intimate visitors. Perhaps it was their common love of line drawing that drew them together. In one of his letters Millet describes his emotions on his first visit to the Louvre, fresh from a Normandy farm:

> But when I saw that drawing of Michelangelo's representing a man in a swoon, I felt *that* was a different thing. The expression of the relaxed muscles, the planes, and the modeling of that form exhausted by physical suffering, gave me a whole series of impressions. I felt as if tormented by the same pains. I had compassion upon him. I suffered in his body and his limbs. I saw that the man who had done this was able, in a single figure, to represent all the good and evil in humanity. It was Michelangelo! That explains all. I had already seen some bad engravings of his work at Cherbourg; but here I touched the heart and heard the voice of him who has haunted me with such power during my whole life.

This is personality in art indeed!

Five Things Seen

A Rambling London Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

VICTOR HUGO originated the title "Things Seen." Since his time many writers have favored it, I among them. My first book, printed for private circulation in 1899, was called "Things Seen," and, being youngish then, I put the following from "Hamlet" on the title-page:

> O, where, my lord?
> In my mind's eye, Horatio.

"Things Seen" came to mind because I have five topics to touch upon in this "Rambling London Letter." Each is significant, and each might have run to a column; but, as empty columns are few, I group them (that is my humor) as "Things Seen"—I to V.

I

A LECTURE! It was delivered in the House of Lords. I took some pains to procure a ticket because this is the first time a public lecture has been given in the House of Lords, and because the lecturer was my friend Dr. Robert McElroy, of Princeton, now Professor of American History at Oxford. He was invited to deliver the 1926 lectures of the "Watson Chair of American History, Literature, and Institutions." In honor of the event, the Lord Great Chamberlain allowed the first address to be given in the House of Lords. The subject was "Permanent Conditions Which Have Influenced America in British-American Crises." It had been arranged that the meeting should be in the Royal Gallery, but, as the acoustics of that magnificent chamber are not good, the gathering was held in the Cartoon Hall. Viscount Lee of Fareham presided.

I do not propose to give an account of this remarkable lecture, which was delivered with vigor and point. It will be published. The idea of it was what interested me—an American explaining America, in the House of Lords, to a distinguished British audience, which of course included the unemotional Ambassador, Mr. Houghton. Big Ben boomed periodically. It was a moving hour.

II

ANOTHER American address! It was the annual Wharton Lecture on

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English Poetry, sponsored by the British Academy. The subject was "Chaucer and the Rhetoricians," and the lecturer was Professor J. M. Manly, of the University of Chicago, perhaps the first Chaucer scholar of the day. The Earl of Balfour benignly presided, and the place was the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House.

The courtyard of Burlington House was crowded with people about to visit the Royal Academy Exhibition; the streets were thronged with pleasure-seekers and shoppers; London was at the height of the season. Within the rooms of the Royal Society, hung with portraits of past worthies, were gathered the small group of Chaucer students, few but fit, listening to an American professor from Chicago delivering an address, amazingly learned, on the Father of English Poetry—he who sang:

> And specially, from every shires ende
> Of Engeland, to Caunterbury they wende,
> The holy blisful martir for to seke,
> That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

III

THE Horse Guards Parade crowded with troops, units of the navy, army, and air forces, representatives of foreign Powers, and the public. They are gathered before the wall of the Prime Minister's Downing Street residence. A few feet above the ground is something swathed in the Union Jack. The band of the First Battalion Irish Guards is playing a "Lament." There are tears in many eyes. The Prince of Wales drives up in a motor car. The band crashes into "God Save the King." All heads are uncovered; the troops stand rigid at the salute. The Prince makes a brief speech, then pulls a cord. We gaze in silence upon a bronze effigy of Kitchener, bareheaded, in undress uniform. Beneath it are the words, "Kitchener, 1850–1916. Erected by Parliament." As we disperse hawkers are selling a sixteen-page pamphlet called "Is Kitchener Dead?" Nothing can kill that fancy. He ranks now with King Arthur, Hereward the Wake, and those others who "do not die."

IV

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, in Berkeley Square, the ancestral mansion of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne. It is now occupied by Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, proprietor of the biggest and handsomest "store" in Oxford Street, the architecture of which is revolutionizing commercial London. Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Princess Wiasemsky are "at home" to the members of the Architecture Club, who have been invited to see this fine example of the domestic work of Robert Adam—Lansdowne House. In the vast rooms are the old furniture and carpets; on the walls are the old pictures; in bookcases the old books. We stroll about reflectively and listen to twentieth-century music.

V

WE sit in the chilly, venerable crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. We wait in silence, counting the members of the Royal Academy of Arts who have been shepherded into the central places. The recess in the wall of the crypt in front of us is covered with a white veiling. No sound from the outside world reaches us. We are beneath the earth. All around are monuments to great artists. Here is Painters' Corner. I turn my head, and see the monument to Sir Christopher Wren; close by is Turner's grave. We have met to do honor to John Singer Sargent; the bronze crucifix of his own making, a replica of the one in Boston, is to be unveiled.

The clergy enter—the Dean of St. Paul's, followed by two canons and an archdeacon. There is a short service; Lord Crawford and Balcarres delivers a brief address. Then he pulls aside the veiling. We see the crucifix "designed by that great artist." The President of the Royal Academy places a wreath of laurels before it. Beneath are these words: "In Memoriam. John Singer Sargent, R. A. This work of his hands, presented by his sisters, was erected by the Royal Academy of Arts."

The Dean of St. Paul's accepts, with bowed head, the charge of the memorial.

Painters' Corner is inhabited by another world-famous artist presence.

The Mystery of the Mary Celeste[1]

By OLIVER W. COBB

THREE weeks ago The Outlook reported an explanation of a fifty-year-old mystery. It was given in the form of a story which had been told to a writer in "Chambers's Journal" and then retold in a recent issue of the New York "Herald Tribune." This tale, which came from one who purported to be Cook Pemberton of the Mary Celeste's crew, made out that there was no mystery at all, but a false report by the captain of the Dei Gratia that discovered and salvaged the Mary Celeste. A cousin of Captain Benjamin S. Briggs, of the Mary Celeste, Dr. Oliver W. Cobb, of Easthampton, Massachusetts, seeing this report in The Outlook, and indignant at the aspersions not only upon Captain Boyce, of the Dei Gratia, but Captain Briggs, who disappeared from the Mary Celeste, has sent us the statement printed below in which he gives his theory of what happened.

"When Captain Benjamin S. Briggs and his wife, Sarah, with their two-year-old daughter went away on this unfortunate voyage," writes Dr. Cobb to us, "the family left at home consisted of the grandmother Briggs; the Captain's son, Arthur, seven years old; and myself, fourteen years old. Both Captain B. S. Briggs and his wife, who was Sarah Cobb, were my cousins. To us and many other friends and relatives who waited long for news of these dear ones, and who still mourn their unreturning feet, their story is no fraud or romance, but a great sorrowful tragedy."

Though Dr. Cobb refers to a yarn said to have been told by a sailor named Triggs, accounting for the disappearance of Captain and crew by an adventure involving the capture of a derelict and desertion, he does not here take up the strange story purporting to come from Cook Pemberton. In this issue, however, on our editorial pages, we summarize the reasons given by Captain Briggs's son for rejecting the Pemberton tale. And now follows Dr. Cobb's interesting narrative and persuasive explanation.—THE EDITORS.

ON board a whaler, or maybe a trader among the islands of the Pacific, or it may be on a transatlantic liner, a sailor in the forecastle or an officer on the bridge will light his pipe and after blowing out two or three puffs of smoke will say, "Well, what do you suppose ever became of the crew of the Mary Celeste?" Fifty-four years have passed, and still the question and no real answer.

We know that Captain B. S. Briggs, his wife and daughter, a mate, second mate, cook, and four sailors on the brig Mary Celeste left New York on November 7, 1872, with a cargo of 1,700 barrels of alcohol, bound for a Mediter-

[1] See editorial comment.

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ranean port, Genoa, and that Captain Oliver E. Briggs, a brother, left New York at an earlier date for Vigo, Spain, in the brig Julia A. Hallock, and from Vigo was to go to a Mediterranean port. Those brothers had been in correspondence and intended to meet at Barcelona, Spain, where they both expected to load fruit for New York. Two days out from Vigo, in a storm in the Bay of Biscay, the Julia A. Hallock sprang a leak. The pumps choked by the fine coal of which she had a partial cargo, she filled with water, rolled over, and sank, all her crew being lost except Mr. Perry, the second mate, who was rescued from a piece of floating wreckage four days later by a Spanish vessel and landed at Vigo.

The Mary Celeste was found by the men of the British brig Dei Gratia on December 13, 1872, about three hundred miles west from Gibraltar, and taken by them to Gibraltar. They found the Mary Celeste with topgallant yard down on the cap and gaff topsail clewed down otherwise under full sail. Jibs set on starboard tack, vessel headed east, wind northerly. The vessel had evidently been hove to on the starboard tack, and by a change in the direction of the wind sailed away on the port tack, the main boom swinging over to accommodate either position. Everything about decks was in order except that the fore hatch was off and lay upside down on the deck. The yawl-boat was gone and the davit tackles were hanging loose, showing that the yawl-boat had been lowered. Nothing seems to have been disturbed in the cabin except that the ship's papers, chronometer, and sextant were missing. Compasses, captain's watch, and a sum of money in the captain's desk were all there. Mrs. Briggs's sewing-machine and a small garment on which she had evidently been working were left as if she had gone away for a minute. The mate's log-book lay open on his desk, as is usual, and the last entry I have previously quoted. These entries are always made at noon.

A search of the forecastle showed the seamen's chests and clothing in usual order, and money was found in three of the chests. The remnants of a meal were found in the forecastle.

In the New York "Times," Magazine Section, of Sunday, October 12, 1924, there appeared one of the numerous stories purporting to be the *true* story of the Marie Celeste as told by one Triggs to Captain Lucy, R. N. R.

Captain Briggs was a Christian gentleman; he belonged to a family of shipmasters who lived up to the best traditions of the sea. To represent him as a criminal deserter of his ship is to desecrate his memory.

The Triggs story is as much in error as the picture of the vessel on the same page, which shows boat at davits and square rig on mainmast. The Mary Celeste was square-rigged forward, but had no yards on the mainmast, having there a fore and aft mainsail and gaff-topsail like a schooner, thus being a cross between a brig and a schooner, or

In Next Week's Issue

The "Inside" of American Prisons

By

Don C. Seitz

what is called a "hermaphrodite brig." Instead of eighteen men on board, there were the captain, mate, second mate, cook, and four sailors, signed on in New York (eight men), Mrs. Briggs, and a baby girl about two years old, making the number ten all told. Triggs seems to have forgotten that the yawl-boat was gone and that the davit tackles were hanging as if the boat had been lowered in a hurry. He has forgotten a very important bit of evidence. He says that the Mary Celeste made good sailing across the Atlantic until within twenty-four hours' sail of the coast of Portugal. Whereas the last entry in the mate's log-book, which lay open on his desk when the men from the Dei Gratia went on board, reads: "Weather fine, wind light, St. Mary's island six miles distant." The entry also gives the latitude and longitude, and tells of ordinary work being done by sailors, and is dated, as I remember, about ten days prior to the finding of the vessel abandoned. Triggs says that he signed on in Boston. It is known that the crew were shipped in New York. As Mr. Triggs's story is wrong in all these known facts, the remainder of his story can easily be disposed of as pure fabrication, with no supporting evidence whatever.

Now what happened?

This seems to me to be the best theory: A cargo of alcohol sometimes explodes, and it usually rumbles before exploding. It may well be that after the breakfast had been cleared away in the cabin on the morning following the day of the last entry in the log-book, when the vessel would have been about one hundred miles from St. Mary's Island, the temperature rising, the cargo began to rumble. If the Captain was frightened by the rumbling of the gases in the hold—and indeed an explosion may have already occurred, blowing off a hatch and throwing it upside down on deck, where it was found—and if he decided to get his people into the boat as a measure of safety, the boat being on the davits across the stern, he would have laid the squaresails aback to deaden the headway of the vessel. As the vessel was sailing east, the position of the jibs (set on the starboard tack) would indicate that the wind was southerly at the time. It would have been good seamanship to have lowered the topgallant yard and the gaff-topsail.

The boat being lowered and brought alongside, the embarkation must have been in great haste, as the Captain left his watch and his money and three sailors left money in their chests.

We do not know what befell them. The boat may have been swamped in getting away from the vessel. The cargo did not explode, and it may be that the vessel sailed away from them, leaving ten persons in a small boat a hundred miles from land without compass, food, or water. They perished; how we shall never know. The brothers did not meet at Barcelona. Let us hope that they met where there is "no more sea."

The vessel was evidently hove to on the starboard tack headed east when abandoned, and when found by the men of the Dei Gratia was sailing on the port tack with her jibs to windward, still headed easterly, with a northerly wind which had prevailed for several days. The known facts are consistent with the above theory.

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Fifty-Fifty in Industry

Organizing for Peace and Prosperity

By GEORGE M. VERITY

AMERICAN business men are possibly the best organizers in the world, and yet one who investigates will find as many different plans in effect in industrial management and in building of organization as there are organized units. It is not possible that all of them are the best; there must be some choice between them all.

In starting a new manufacturing plant in a chosen location the first great problem is organization. How can you get together the number and kind of men needed to enable you to prosecute successfully your business? When you have secured the best men you can for the various tasks you wish them to perform, you must weld them into a compact, cohesive, virile, loyal, ambitious, and efficient group.

A management can hope to do little without the confidence, the good will, and co-operation of its men. Such important factors cannot, however, be secured in a day or by the mere adoption and announcement of company policies and plans.

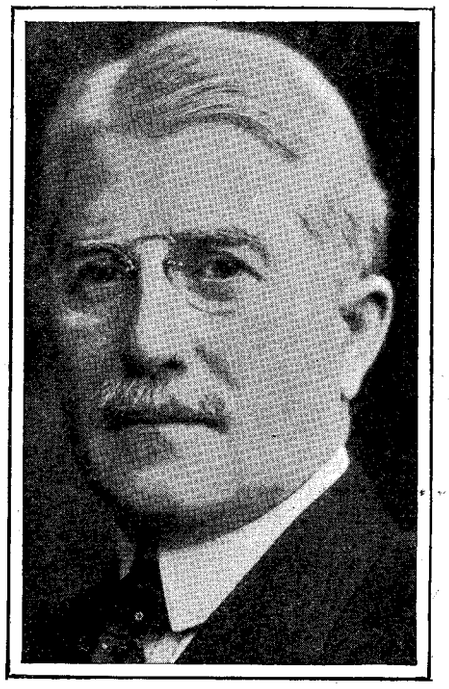
Mutual confidence is essential to all group accomplishment, and it is something that must be created after considerable contact between management and men. It is something that must be earned and deserved—it cannot be bought.

To build up a spirit of confidence there must first be much of understanding of company policies, of company problems and plans. Absolute frankness, together with great patience and clearness in explanation of these things, will in time create the beginning of a firm foundation of confidence.

WE had that problem of mutual confidence to solve here in Middletown, and we began trying to solve it when we began building the organization. We outlined the company's policies and plans, informed our men as to what they could expect in treatment and co-operation from the company. Then we tried to live faithfully up to every policy and promise. A management must make good to its men, just as the men individually and collectively must eventually make good to the management. But the management must do it first.

Human confidence is, however, such a sensitive but strong and abiding trait that, like the oak, it is of very slow growth. It must be planted, incubated, and cultivated over a long period of time, as only time can prove honesty and consistency of purpose as well as the soundness of one's plans.

I do not think we encountered any very serious obstacles to establishing confidence here. Some of the men were "from Missouri." That must be expected from men who find themselves in a new environment. Also there were a few isolated individuals who were just naturally Bolshevik in nature and did not want to see the company make good in its announced, rather new, policies. But they gave less trouble than might have been expected.



George M. Verity
President of the American Rolling Mill Company

If the policies of a management are sound, honest, generous, helpful, and inspiring, the confidence of men can be obtained and held, but only as it is deserved. Confidence once secured and followed by a continuous campaign of education, which will from period to period give your organization a broad understanding of the problems and necessities of your business, will in due time enable you to secure the co-operation and efficiency needed in the solving of all your problems.

It is, of course, a fact accepted to-day without argument that working conditions, wages, and hours of employment must be the best that high regard for human life, earnest effort, and competitive conditions will permit.

This, however, was not altogether an accepted fact when we began trying to do it here in Middletown. Still, it was not a particularly difficult thing to accomplish. We tried to make supervision of work human, reasonable, and patient—tried to supervise in a spirit of understanding rather than in the old-fashioned, arbitrary way of issuing orders without understanding what it was all about. We tried to make actual working conditions—ventilation, sanitation, wash-rooms, lockers for clothes, cooling arrangements for furnaces, and all equipment and conveniences—reasonable and helpful. To put it in a word, we treated the men like human beings.

While you are working on the inside there is much that you can do on the outside to not only speed up but to enlarge the results you are endeavoring to obtain. Working hours are now usually one-third of the time that workers have to spend. When work is over, there are still eight hours for recreation and eight hours for rest and recuperation.

I HAVE always contended that the way a man spends his recreational hours largely determines the kind of man he is. His home life, his social and recreational activities, as well as his community life, must all find expression in one eight-hour period.

Perhaps I will be pardoned for referring so frequently to our own organization. I am not doing so out of egotism; but whatever knowledge I have of industrial organization was gained here, and, if I am to make myself clear, I must refer to the school in which I learned. We did something for the recreation of the men by forming an Armco organization to which every man from top to bottom belonged. That organization planned recreational and social activities, all of which were very meager to begin with, but they were improved and broadened as time showed that they were practical, helpful, and desirable. In time garden plots were provided for all who desired them. Baseball, football, athletic events

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generally, and entertainments of various sorts were planned in season, on the theory that what a man does in his recreational hours unquestionably either builds him up or pulls him down.

In a sermon Dr. Robert Freeman, of Pasadena, California, said once something much to the point. These are his words: "The soul grows on what you do in your spare time; and because of what has not been done in spare time there will be many a tombstone that ought to be chiseled:

HERE LIES
A SUICIDE
DECEIVED WITH THE FANCY THAT
GOING THROUGH LIFE WAS LIVING
WHOSE SOUL MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED
HAD SOME FEW HOURS BEEN SPENT
IN HEROIC MINISTRIES
OR
IN RESOLUTE UNSELFISHNESS"

We have tried, also, to link up the factory with the home. As a plain fact, the home has been the foundation of all our planning. Where home life is not what it should be there can be no real happiness or efficiency. We organized a local realty company to build suitable homes and to sell them on easy payments. A large percentage of Armco men are home-owners, and the standard of their homes is very high.

A visiting nurse, sympathetic and skilled in human affairs, appears at every home where there is trouble of any kind —whether the trouble is a joy or a sorrow, a birth or a death, or a lesser event in the life of the family. After her first visit she is always welcome as a friend. Representing the management as she does, her ministrations help to create a feeling of friendliness and co-operation.

Friday-night entertainments in the auditorium of the Administration Building provide amusement for men and their families. On Saturday morning a moving-picture show is given in the general office auditorium, exclusively for all the children of the neighborhood.

The home is the foundation of our present civilization. So anything you can do to make good homes available on easy terms, to make home life respond to man's best needs, to assist in creating a sound and progressive community life socially, recreationally, educationally, morally, and spiritually, will bring you large returns.

Industry cannot, as I see it, separate itself from the community in which its plants are located and in which its people must live. In proportion to its strength, industry should help the community to respond to the present-day needs of an advancing civilization in order that its people may live such lives outside their working hours as will help to develop them in the largest and best way, and thus prepare them for the responsibilities which they must assume in their working hours.

We have tried to tie our plant closely to the community. The Armco band, comprising some fifty-two pieces and led by a Middletown man, Frank Simon, who won his reputation with Sousa, gives a free concert in Armco Field every Thursday evening during the summer months. From five to eight thousand people usually attend these concerts. Armco Park, a rolling tract of woodland and meadows owned by the company, is

Frank Simon
Armco Bandmaster

maintained and operated as a community park, free to all. The company gives its support to the Middletown Civic Association, which operates sixteen community service agencies in the interest of all the people. These agencies comprise all of the community activities not taken care of by the municipality under its City Commission.

Community and industrial peace and stability go hand in hand.

In dealing with human life, self-respect and initiative must be encouraged and developed. Any policy that tends to smother or lessen either of them is working backward, and not forward. It is therefore just as important that you permit your men to assume their full share of responsibility in the working out of all of your mutual problems as it is for you to stand ready and willing to do your part, whatever it may be.

In the conduct of this company's business both managers and men as individuals are given the opportunity to take the initiative in carrying out every phase of the company's work. In order that they may act intelligently and with understanding of the company's problems, they are kept fully posted as to plans and the resultant profit or loss in every period. Every part of the company's work is carried on in a spirit of co-operation and mutual interest.

MANAGEMENT and men cannot, of necessity, "give in kind." When men give of their best in interest in their work, in honest hours of efficient effort, in loyalty, in suggestion and planning, and in faithful service, they are contributing their full part, and it is then up to the management to do anything and everything within the economic, financial, and material limits of its power to make life and a job for the men worth while.

Members of the Armco Association, which, as stated, includes every member of the Armco organization, pay dues of fifty cents a month. After about fifteen years of operation, the officers of the Association made a request of the management that the company bear the cost of certain athletic and entertainment activities which the Association could not pay out of its regular income. The answer of the management was that it did not seem wise or best for the company to assume directly any part of the cost of work carried on by the Association, but that the company would agree to pay into the treasury of the Association fifty cents for every fifty cents paid by an individual member. In other words, the income of the Association was doubled, but the management of Association affairs was left absolutely in Association hands.

That is what we call a fifty-fifty program. Where the men of an organization serve the company the best they can in any and every way, that is their fifty per cent. It is then up to the company to do anything and everything that it can in promoting the interests of its men and their families and to make life and a job with the company worth while. That is the company's fifty per cent, irrespective of which side has expended the greater amount of effort or money.

If you expect to build a business on these lines, you may be certain of discouragements, for life is a combination of encouragement and discouragement, in which some seem to find more of one than the other.

You can rest assured that in all human affairs the individual or the group who can be discouraged in the working

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out of any of their plans will be. It is the individual or the group who, in spite of many difficulties, simply will not be discouraged in any serious degree or for any length of time that finds the largest success.

You will find discouragement in that many individuals will be harder to convince of your sincerity of purpose or of the fairness or soundness of your policies than you will feel should be. You will find discouragement in what would seem to you much of wasted effort where you feel you have done your best. You will find discouragement in that no human plan of organization is perfect. The best has its weak points, which must be allowed for. Life was not made to be perfect, but we must keep the weaknesses in our policies and plans within reasonable limits.

We have had discouragements here, plenty of them, but they do not look so large in retrospect.

In a general way, our first ten years of operation were consumed in earning and securing the confidence and good will of our first small organization of about five hundred men. At the end of ten years we built a new and much larger plant and brought about fifteen hundred new men to Middletown at one time. The new men were not only "from Missouri," as workers who know the early traditions of the steel business always are, but they could not understand the spirit of good will and co-operation that seemed to exist. It was entirely new to them. They felt that the company must have its old men bought up or fixed in some way and that the apparent good feeling could not be real. They were suspicious, not only of the management, but of the older members of the organization. It was necessary, therefore, to start all over again. Company policies, plans, and problems had to be visualized through patient effort. The way to co-operation had to be shown. The result to be obtained from "mutual effort" and "mutual interest" had to be proved. But, within a reasonable time, the original group and the new and larger group were welded into one compact organization, and the very satisfactory results secured from our first ten years of effort were not only duplicated but strengthened.

You will find discouragement in that things will happen to retard your efforts that apparently no one can prevent—that is life.

However, if your policies are sound, if in their creation you have taken into account human frailties, human emotions, human reactions, and human psychology, and if you have the courage to persistently and consistently follow your adopted policies, in spite of all discouragements, you are bound to succeed.

Middletown, Ohio, enjoys a very high standard of industrial and community peace, happiness, and prosperity, all of which make for stability, and that result has been secured through an earnest and conscientious effort on the part of all of our manufacturers to follow policies which I have endeavored to describe.

Glacier Park as an Outdoor Laboratory

By W. G. WATERMAN

OUR National Parks have been much advertised for their beauty and as places for recreation and pleasure. They have been well called the people's playgrounds, and as such their value has fully repaid the trouble and expense required for their preservation. Little attention, however, has been paid to their great value as laboratories, especially for the study of geology, botany, and zoölogy. The vast size of our country and its slow rate of settlement in colonial times have prevented people from realizing that there is now very little of it left in its original condition. As the years go on and the United States approaches the condition of Europe, the value of the conservation work of the past half-century will be more and more realized by scientists, as it is already appreciated by the lovers of natural scenery and of wild life. This is not a matter of so much importance to the geologist, as he is more concerned with the conditions of the rocks under the surface of the earth, and he generally welcomes any of the acts of man which lay bare hidden geological formations. But to the botanist and zoölogist it is of the highest importance to have extensive areas in which can be found plants and animals living in the conditions in which they had existed for centuries before the coming of the white man.

In this connection a warning may not be out of place. This double value of our preserved areas should be borne in mind and the recreational function should not be allowed entirely to overshadow the importance of the preservation of the original conditions. Recreation in our natural preserves must sooner or later destroy these original conditions, as it inevitably destroys or drives away many of the original inhabitants, both plants and animals. This occasionally happens, even with the best of intentions, if scientific experts are not consulted when plans for preservation are formulated. This is especially true in areas devoted to the preservation of some special forms of life, notably in bird refuges. Here the planting of alien food plants or the destruction of predatory animals may easily destroy the balance of nature and produce communities which are quite different from the original ones.

In order to prevent this unintentional destruction of original conditions, certain preserves, or a portion of each preserve, might well be segregated from mere pleasure-seekers, in order that the original conditions may be preserved as nearly as possible for study by future generations. Ten per cent of our preserved areas would not be missed by the pleasure-seekers, and these preserves within preserves would satisfy the needs of our scientists for all time.

Of all our National Parks, Glacier Park, in Montana, is in some respects the most valuable for scientific study, as it combines within its limits the most varied conditions and offers most diverse specimens of geological, botanical, and zoölogical formations. Phenomena which could not be observed except by arduous journeys of thousands of miles to many parts of the temperate and Arctic regions are here combined within a few hundred square miles, and in this respect Glacier Park is unique on this continent and almost in the world.

THE subject of geology is very broad, covering not only the actual structure of the rocks, but also the methods by which these structures were formed; the minerals of which they are composed; and also the appearance of the surface of the earth resulting from the action of natural forces. Practically all of these divisions of the subject are illustrated either within the limits of Glacier Park or in its immediate environs. In the great plains bordering the mountains

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on the east, we find horizontal strata covered with glacial deposits and exhibiting a gently rolling topography. In the park itself are found many of the features produced by the activities of mountain making, and the two are brought into immediate contact by the great Lewis overthrust fault, which pushed the folded mountain strata out over the horizontal deposits of the plains. The escarpment thus produced is trenched by innumerable streams of all sizes, furnishing many of the features of river erosion and deposit.

Glaciation added its quota to the collection, as in other parts of the country, but here remnants of the original glaciers still exist. Thus we are able to see, not only the effects of glacial action, but the glaciers themselves actually at work. In one instance, Iceberg Lake, the glacier comes down to the edge of a body of standing water and produces real icebergs before the eyes of the observer. To be sure the glaciers are small and practically all of them are of the cliff type, but several are large enough to show all the characteristics of glacier structure. Here bergschrunds, crevasses, an occasional serac or ice cascade, glacial streams, ice caves, and moraines are all to be found, if not on one glacier, at least not many miles apart.

Below the surface alternate layers of limestones, shales, and sandstones exhibit the leading features of stratigraphy. While it would be too much to expect to find volcanic action actually going on, the results of previous volcanic action are present. Intrusive lava sheets which forced themselves between layers of sedimentary rocks already deposited and the dikes which were formed where lava pushed up vertically through cracks in the rocks are frequently exposed on the eroded mountainsides. In at least one locality a lava flow which poured out on the surface of the earth was preserved by a subsequent deposit of sand. Later this covering sandstone was removed by erosion, and in Granite Park one can see laid bare all the features of a modern lava flow.

The tremendous changes produced by the activity of mountain-making are also much in evidence. Layers of solid rock have been bent and folded into fantastic shapes, while the region illustrates one of the master folds of earth structure, a giant syncline. The bottom of this great trough or downward bend in the rock structure is relatively untouched and occupies the central valley of the McDonald mineral creek system, while the upturned edges have been eroded to form the Lewis and Livingstone Ranges. With the folding of layers are found also the more minute changes in structure known as metamorphism in the mashing and splitting of rock masses.

When the slow movement of the rock masses became irresistible and the layers could no longer bend, they broke and produced faults of all sorts, both small and large, culminating in the huge Lewis overthrust, which carried the mountain masses from five to fifteen miles out over the horizontal layers of the great plains. The subsequent wearing down of these pushed-up strata furnishes illustrations of all sorts of erosion. On the steep mountainsides and summits rock fragments are pried loose by freezing and fall in talus slopes of all grades. Steep slopes of shingle alternate with piles of rock fragments of all sizes. On the middle slopes are all sorts of rock ledges and terraces, and in the valleys alluvial cones, deltas, and flood plains.

In the field of botany the features presented are as diverse and as comprehensive as those of geology. The characteristic vegetation of three sections of the continent—Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic—meet here, and this insures not only the presence of a large number of species, but also a much greater diversity than can be found in any area of similar size in the whole country. Thus the taxonomist finds a rich and varied flora, while the ecologist finds a great variety of communities adjusted to the various physiographic features from mountain summits to valley floors.

On the east side of the park the prairie vegetation of the great plains mingles with the plants of the lower slopes of the mountains. The stream valleys which border the east front of the mountains furnish groves of deciduous trees with thickets of willow and alder along the streams. Occasional tongues of conifers alternate with the deciduous trees in the valleys and wander up the sides of the low hills in open stand and with stunted habit.

Where the stream valleys are broad and flat, ponds and small lakes furnish an abundance of aquatic plants, and there are occasional alkaline depressions with their characteristic plant life.

On the narrow flood plains of the larger streams which flow down from the mountains are heavy forests of conifers, with tall trees growing in close stand. The undergrowth of shrubs and ground plants is dense and rich in species, while ferns, mosses, liverworts, and fungi are abundant.

These forests extend up the side of the valleys, but the trees gradually become shorter and more scattered and the undergrowth is also more scanty. On exposed shoulders and knolls conditions are frequently very dry and the plant species on them are characteristically different.

On the middle slopes of the mountainsides the vegetation shows a marked change in habit and species. The trees are small and very scattered, and low shrub thickets have largely taken the place of tree communities. Typical mountain meadows of grasses and flowering plants are frequent and afford the best-known and most striking feature of the mountain vegetation.

On the upper slopes the trees take on timber-line characteristics, and are only a few feet in height, with gnarled and twisted branches. On the gravel slopes grass meadows are the rule, while on the coarser boulder and talus slopes the plants grow only in small clumps between the rock fragments. Lichens of various colors appear in great profusion on the bare rocks themselves.

Near the summits characteristic alpine plants begin to appear, and many of them are closely related to the plants of the Arctic barrens far to the north. On rounded gravelly mountain-tops these plants persist to the very summits, but on sharp peaks almost the only vegetation is found in the lichens, which even there are abundant on all bare rock surfaces.

Along the small streams and in the wet depressions above timber-line still other species appear, and the vegetation resembles that of the Arctic muskegs and wet tundra.

On the other side of the Continental Divide the general character of the vegetation is similar to that of the east slope, but many western forms add variety and interest to the composition of the plant communities.

In the western valleys the forests are much denser and more luxuriant than those of the east slope, and on the flats at the head of Lake McDonald extensive sphagnum bogs are found.

A very important division of plant ecology has to do with the order in which plant communities succeed one another. In a region like this, where glaciers are continuously retreating and laying bare stretches of plantless soil, there is abundant opportunity to observe the appearance of pioneer plants and also the order in which the different communities follow one another. The earliest stages in these successions are found on the clay and gravel moraines, on gravel and rock slides, and in the ponds and streams of the glacial fronts. From these beginnings various lines of succession can be

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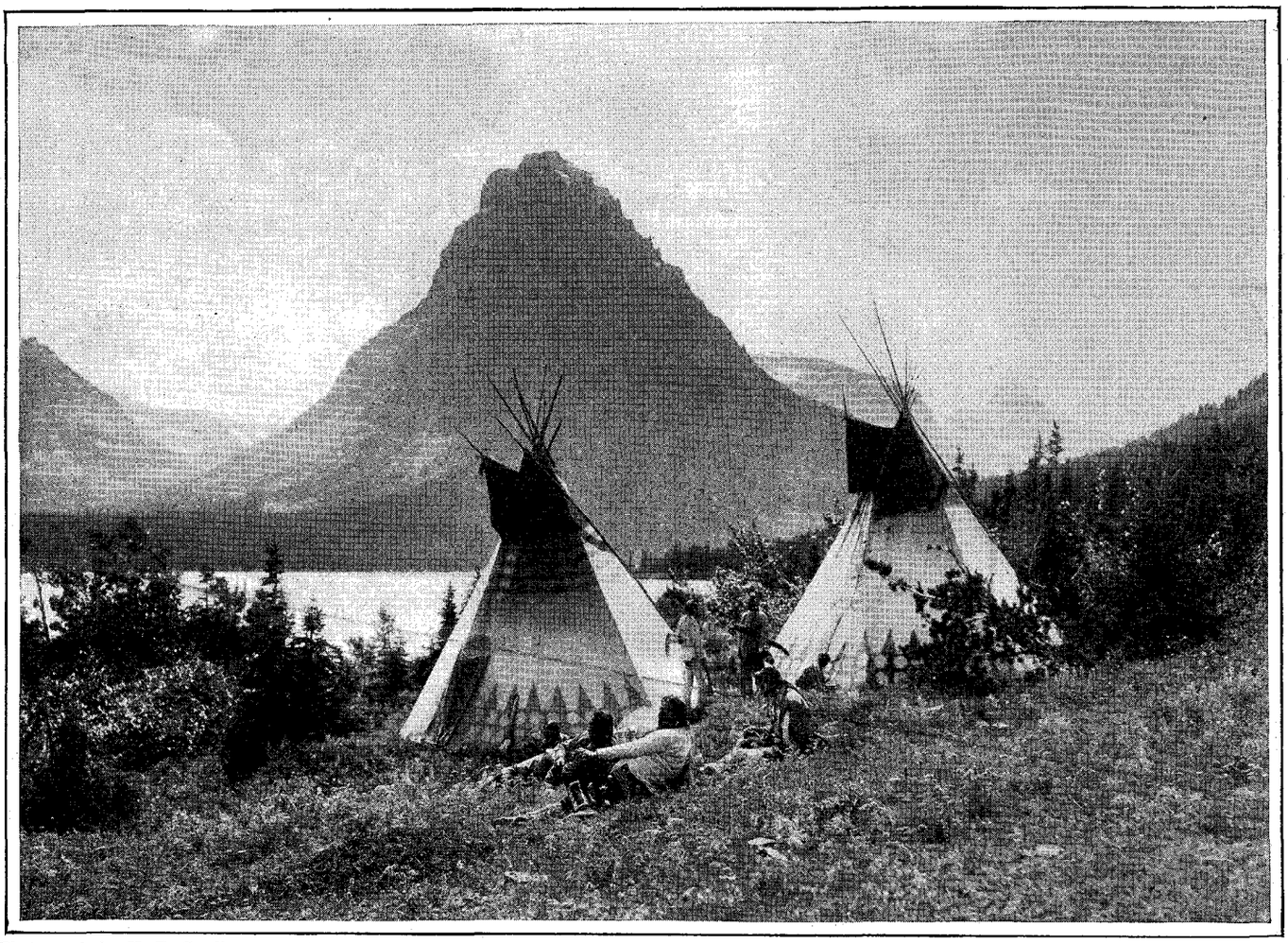

Photograph by H. T. Cowling Courtesy of the National Park Service

Mountains of Glacier National Park—a workshop for the scientist as well as a playground for the tourist

traced to the climax forests in the bottoms of the stream valleys.

THIS subject has been the one least studied in Glacier Park, but it is the one most needing study, as the composition of the animal communities is rapidly changing.

Opinions differ somewhat as to the numbers and status of animals in the park. Until recently it was thought that the presence of tourists as well as poaching in the winter was killing off the larger animals or driving them into less accessible parts of the mountains. In the last few years, however, it would seem that adverse influences are being overcome and that the larger animals are increasing in number. The smaller mammals are certainly becoming accustomed to the presence of man, but on this account there is less opportunity to study them in their natural condition.

On the whole, the park is rich in animal life, and appearance, habits, and distribution of animals offer attractive opportunities for study.

Even if the character of the animal communities is changing through the visits of man, this very change affords an opportunity to study the reactions of the animals to man, which in itself is a matter of interest and of considerable value.

Among the larger mammals are to be found, not only mountain sheep and goats, but elk, moose, and deer. In certain spots along the continental divide goat, sheep, and deer are frequently seen, and in more retired spots elk are not uncommon. The grizzlies are disappearing, but the brown bears are becoming accustomed to man and are probably increasing in numbers, although they are not as common around the hotels as in some of our other mountain parks.

Among predatory animals the coyote is occasionally seen and the mountain lion still exists in the wilder portions of the park. Among the rodents the marmot and porcupine are becoming adjusted and are frequently seen, while squirrels and chipmunks are very common, especially around the hotels and chalets. The cony is timid and does not seem to be as common as formerly. In the bodies of water there are several aquatic mammals, and a number of species of fish, many native and some introduced. Birds and insects are everywhere, especially in the valleys, but many species are found even on the mountain-tops and on the edges of the glaciers and snow-fields.

IN view of the varied opportunities for study along the lines indicated, it is hoped that our universities and colleges, and even high schools, will take advantage of these opportunities and send summer classes to our various National Parks. This, of course, is being done to some extent by near-by institutions, but the practice might well be followed by those at a greater distance. There is no way in which education and recreation can be combined to better advantage than by a summer course in one of our National Parks. Every such course helps to pay interest on the investment made by our country in setting aside these preserves, and thereby helps to justify the original investment and the expense of the upkeep. Moreover, the class of visitors brought by such courses will add to the morale of the parks and will help to offset the indifference and carelessness shown by some of the tourists.

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Ministration

By DAVID MORTON

LET me remember, now, how day by day,
These loved, familiar, constant things return:
The morning at my door, and the slow way
Of dusk that kindles the low stars to burn;
Beyond my window, summer's changing round
Of early bloom and late will come and go,
And winter evenings ending with no sound,
Hushed in the wide, white silences of snow.

So, day by day. . . . And some unreckoned year
Will find me standing as a lover stands,
Waiting a twilight that will touch me, here,
Familiarly, like tender, straying hands, . . .
And in some secret way I cannot tell,
It will be well with me . . . it will be well.

The Story of a Country Town

Some Curious Contacts Revealed in the History of Cornwall, Connecticut

By DON C. SEITZ

THE backgrounds of many incidents that loom large are often set in obscure and unnoticed country towns. I have frequently felt the urge to compile a gazetteer of the great that would list the humble beginnings of many eminent men or the preliminary incidents of notable events. This reflection is revived by a perusal of "A History of Cornwall, Connecticut, a Typical New England Town," just published by the Rev. Edward Comfort Starr, who for twenty-eight years filled the Congregationalist pulpit in the community.

There are five Cornwalls in the United States, named after the Cornish county at the tip end of England. The Cornwall in New York gained distinction by being for many years the home of Dr. Lyman Abbott. Missouri, Pennsylvania, and Virginia each harbor a town of that name.

The Cornwall of Mr. Starr's narrative is a rough township in Litchfield County, about thirty-eight miles northwest of Hartford, with a population of around twelve hundred souls. It borders the rapid-running Housatonic. Mount Mohawk towers one thousand six hundred and eighty feet imposingly in its midst. From its hard soil came Thomas Porter to become a judge of the Vermont Supreme Court, whose son, Ebenezer, was President of Andover Theological Seminary. In the neighborhood, called Dudleytown, was born Mary T. Cheney, the public-school teacher who was to be the very unhappy wife of Horace Greeley. Heman Swift, a brigadier in the Revolution, was much trusted by George Washington. Most notable, however, is the fact that here was the nest place of the Allens. Four of them were with the valiant Ethan at Ticonderoga. He was a resident of Cornwall before he became a Green Mountain Boy and the creator of Vermont. From Cornwall Ethan went to the great French and Indian War. Mr. Starr recalls the little-noted fact that in February, 1784, Allen, as a second venture, "married a beautiful and accomplished woman, twenty-three years his junior, whose portrait has been preserved by Copley, while none exists of her famous husband." There were three children by this marriage, the eldest of whom, Fanny, died a nun in a Canadian convent—a strange end for a freethinker's daughter. Ethan, in local tradition, is "said to have stood on his father's unmarked grave" in Cornwall "and appealed to him to return and tell whether there was another life." The father, Joseph Allen, had six sons. After Ethan, Ira was the most eminent. He planned and endowed the University of Vermont, at Burlington, and is recalled as "one of the handsomest men of his time," possessing at the same time much better manners than his famous brother. Another of the six, Levi, became a Tory and died in jail at Burlington, in 1801, a prisoner for debt.

Matthew Lyon, another celebrated disturber of dry bones, though born in Ireland, lived for a time in Cornwall, and was married there. He became a member of Congress from Vermont, was mixed up in many broils, befriended Aaron Burr, and ended his days in Arkansas. Major-General John Sedgwick, killed at Spottsylvania, was the first in fame of a long line of Cornwall soldiers after Ethan Allen. He is buried at West Point, but Cornwall possesses his sword and a fine memorial. Of minor soldiers, judges, educators, and clergymen the list is legion. The Rev. Samuel Scoville, who married Henry Ward Beecher's daughter Harriet, was a son of Cornwall. So was the late E. B. Whitney, who became the best of judges on the New York City bench. He married Josepha Newcomb, daughter of Simon Newcomb, the astronomer. She is now a leading citizen of New Haven. Theodore Frelinghuysen Vaill, who made the Winsted "Herald" an outstanding country weekly, was another Cornwall product. Besides editing the "Herald" he wrote a comic translation of Virgil's Æneid that is classic in its merit.

So much for local eminencies. There are farther-reaching items to record. In

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From "A History of Cornwall, Connecticut," Rev. E. C. Starr, publisher

An offshoot from the old First Church, the Second Church of Cornwall, Connecticut, built its meeting-house, which bears a Christopher Wren spire, a hundred years ago in North Cornwall. The interior of this building has been renovated and the building was rededicated recently—the 14th and 15th of August

1817 there was established at Cornwall a Foreign Mission School, the outgrowth of some one, variously said to be E. W. Dwight or Samuel Mills, finding a dark-skinned youth on the steps of Yale College one morning in 1810, weeping because he could find no way of getting an education. President Dwight having heard his plea, he was sent to Litchfield, where various good clergymen did the best that could be done for him. His name was Obookiah, and he was a stray from the Hawaiian Islands. He became quite famous in a way, and others followed him to America, the newcomers calling for education. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were interested, and the Congregationalist pastor at Cornwall, Rev. Timothy Stone, persuaded the people to donate the village academy, which was soon filled with strange pupils from round the world. Here gathered Kanakas, Hindus, Chinese, Malays, and single students from Oteheite and the Marquesas. Obookiah acquired an excellent education and assisted in shaping the new school. He died February 17, 1818. The distinguished Lyman Beecher preached his funeral sermon. He is buried in Cornwall.

Numbers of American Indians attended the school. Two of these had notable careers and a tragic end. They were Elias Boudinot and John Ridge. Boudinot, after leaving school, spent two years at Andover Theological Seminary, but was not ordained. He helped to prepare translations from the New Testament into Cherokee, and also edited a hymn-book. Returning to Georgia, he set up a printing-press and published the "Cherokee Phœnix," partly in English and partly in the native alphabet devised by Sequoyah, whom we have honored in naming the big trees of California.

The agitation for removing the Cherokees to the Indian Territory was under way, and Boudinot, with John Ridge, who had become a lawyer, and prosperous, joined others in signing the treaty that led to the Nation's accepting the only alternative against destruction. One John Ross led the opposition. The Government enforced the treaty, which the Ross party deemed illegal, and, guarded by soldiers, among whom was the then First-Lieutenant John Sedgwick, the Indians were forced to remove. It is a black spot in our history. As a result Boudinot and Ridge were assassinated. This was the end of all they had attained of learning and civilization at Cornwall.

Boudinot had married Miss Harriet R. Gold, of Cornwall, who had acquired the missionary spirit. The wedding of red and white made a great stir locally. Boudinot was burned in effigy. She died August 15, 1836, before the hegira, and was buried at Calhoun, Georgia. Boudinot now married a relative of his first wife, Miss Delight Sargent. She came East after his death, conducted a school at Troy, and survived until February 21, 1893.

The school came to its end after a prosperous season, as the result of a missionary desire to build up schools in heathen lands. The idea was opposed by Dr. Lyman Beecher, but Jeremiah Evarts, father of William M. Evarts, sided with the missionaries, and they carried their point. So a plan to enlarge the school, for which the bricks were baked, was abandoned. Mr. Evarts was at the time Secretary to the Board of Foreign Missions.

Nothing happens in Cornwall now. They do not appear even to dismiss their ministers. Mr. Starr, who resigned in 1915, was the thirteenth incumbent to serve since 1740.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Reviewing the Reviewer

THE history of literature, said somebody (I believe it was Richard Grant Moulton), is the history of the triumph of authors over critics. There are few generalizations with such a large percentage of truth. The work of critics and of writers of book reviews, when it has been correct, has usually been forgotten. Their blunders live forever. Time and again writers of reviews, often themselves the authors of books, have either violently denounced or gently ridiculed the works of authors whose names are now glorified, while they have extravagantly praised men and women whose work was totally forgotten within a generation.

Despite their many mistakes, writers of reviews inspire a remarkable amount of interest. Hundreds of persons long to write book reviews, and seem to consider such writing the most fascinating of all occupations. Publishers and authors, however much some of them may pretend to indifference, are capable of a good deal of excitement upon the subject. And there are many who are writers neither of reviews nor of books, neither publishers nor editors, who look seriously upon book reviewing, and willingly engage in conversation about whatever this, that, or the other publication may have said about Mr. Thingamajig's new novel.

It is related that two men on an elevated train in New York had a bet as to whether every second person they met was writing a play. As they got off the train one of them turned to the conductor, saying:

"How's your play coming along?"

Without a quiver of his face, the man in the blue coat returned:

"Why, I'm having an awful time with the third act."

I have little doubt that the story is true—artistically, at all events. Certainly, there seem to be few cities where, on the street, on trains, or on street cars, you may not overhear some one say to another:

"Did you see what Blank said about Doodab's book in this week's 'Old Republic'?"

The constant discussion of Blank's opinion of Doodab, of Doodab's reply in defense, of Floppit's counter-attack on Blank, and of Nynkum's unexpected rally to one side or another, show that many persons regard the matter as of no slight importance. One of the best of the literary reviews lets the author reply to his critic, and the critic come back at the author, and other friends or enemies join in the row, for weeks thereafter. Often the original subject of debate is entirely lost in the shower of brickbats which fairly darkens the sun for days and days. I think that this is rather silly. Unless some absolute error of statement, or some important misquotation, occurs in the review of a book, the author who replies is wasting everybody's time. If Mr. Jones, a book reviewer, does not like Mr. Smith's novel or book of poems, Mr. Jones has a right to express his opinion. Mr. Smith has asked for that opinion by sending a copy to Mr. Jones. It is as foolish for Mr. Smith to try to argue the other around as it would be for him to try to make Jones take sugar in his coffee in the face of his profound distaste for it.

There never has been an entirely satisfactory book-reviewing publication, and there never will be one. New reviews begin from time to time, and they satisfy the critical for six weeks at the longest. At the end of that time they have stepped upon at least a hundred toes. They have praised three or four books which a score of highly respectable and cultivated persons are firmly convinced are extremely shocking, or mediocre, or idiotic. And they have denounced or jeered at two or three others which the same number of good citizens have taken to their hearts as they would a darling child. Henceforth these citizens have no recourse except to say, regretfully:

"Ah, there used to be good book reviewing—once upon a time, long ago, in the dear, dead days!"

Did there? And were people satisfied with it when it was printed? Brander Matthews writes that he once heard so much about the excellent book reviewing of the golden past that he resolved to read some of it. He bought a forty-year file of a weekly "of lofty pretensions," and in the course of the next year turned every page in that regiment of volumes. The result was a disappointment.

"The book reviewing was painfully uninspired, with little brilliancy in expression and with little insight in appreciation; it was disfigured by a certain smug complacency which I find to be still a characteristic of the paper whenever I chance now to glance at its pages. But as I worked through this contemporary record of the unrolling of British literature from 1830 to 1870, what was most surprising was the fact that only infrequently indeed did the book reviewers bestow full praise on the successive publications which we now hold to be among the chief glories of the Victorian reign, and that the books most lavishly eulogized were often those that have now sunk into oblivion."

It is important to remember the mistakes which the writers of reviews have perpetrated. It is well to bear in mind the outrageous attack upon Keats in the "Quarterly Review." It should not be forgotten that the "Saturday Review" condemned "Bleak House" as a "paltry, dry bundle of nonsense." As Mr. Matthews further pointed out, critics formerly looked only to the past, they rarely understood the present, and they distrusted the future. They were often at a loss in the presence of an original genius, and more apt to be right in their opinions about authors of the second rank.

Neither the writer nor the reader of book reviews should take the matter too seriously. As the same sagacious critic whom I have already quoted twice has very usefully remarked, criticism is a branch of literature, but book reviewing is a branch of journalism. With many kinds of books—scientific and historical writings, for example—there are some nearly absolute standards of criticism. But with a work of the imagination, if the writer of a review says he enjoyed it, there is as little sense in making complaint as there would be in engaging in a dispute with him because he prefers chocolate ice-cream, while we are sure that vanilla is the only flavor fit for consumption.

Mr. Albert Mordell has made an unusually interesting and useful book, under the title "Notorious Literary Attacks."[1] It consists of about fifteen examples of the occasions when critics—often, rather eminent critics—have made conspicuous foozles. Here is Lockhart's attack on Leigh Hunt, "Blackwood's" *versus* Byron, a horrified American gentleman on the subject of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and John Morley against Swinburne. In his very able introduction Mr. Mordell points out

[1] Notorious Literary Attacks. Edited, with an Introduction, by Albert Mordell. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

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that, while the general purport of many of these reviews was mistaken, in detail they were often correct. It is worth remembering that in the most savage period of book reviewing, in the days of Jeffrey, the arch-executioner (often, apparently confused with Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes!), and along with their ponderous paragraphs, these hard-hearted critics often wrote much good sense.

To learn that we need not spend too much time in lamenting the lost art of book reviewing read Stuart Sherman's "Critical Woodcuts."[2] Mr. Sherman left his professorship and came East to be the hammer of the heathen. He is the one man who can meet Mr. H. L. Mencken on his own ground and, without resorting to billingsgate, leave "the bad boy of Baltimore" like an upset beetle. It is true that Mr. Sherman occasionally horrifies all of us staid conservatives. Once or twice a year he suddenly grabs up a red flag and gallops down the street, cheering frantically for some one like Ben Hecht. But for the most part, and for nineteen Sundays out of twenty, he is the critic I love best to read. The humor of his comments upon Mr. Poultney Bigelow's memoirs has hardly been matched since the "Nation's" famous article about "Ben Hur." And in this book he turns upon the recent biographers of Stevenson in a fashion that makes me want to give twelve long cheers. Listen to it:

"What lions have these critical fellows shot with a bow and arrow, that they turn up superior noses at Stevenson, who merely consorted with thieves and harlots in the slums of Edinburgh and London, ran through the professions of engineering and law before he was twenty-five, explored the Scotch coast in a sailboat, canoed the Sambre and Oise, slept in a lonely bivouac *à la belle étoile* in the Cévennes, fled to San Francisco by emigrant train, ran away with a wife and family, camped on Mount St. Helena, chartered his own schooner, sailed the South Seas for three years, feasted with cannibal chiefs, refused to sleep with their wives, conspired with Kanaka kings, was threatened with deportation, planted a wilderness, governed a small tribe of savages and died in his boots?

"If these lofty critical fellows hold that Stevenson's sheltered and coddled life starved and devitalized his romance, come, let us bring them to confession and require them to tell us what sort of dare-devil existence a really 'modern' writer must live."

Many and many years may Professor

[2] Critical Woodcuts. By Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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Sherman flourish and write, while he can so ably de-bunk the little group of psychological, psycho-analytical critics and biographers who have made such a racket of late!

. . . . . .

By a sad coincidence, Stuart Sherman's death occurred the day after this review was written. I will let my comment stand, except to record my sorrow at the loss of this distinguished critic.

E. P.

Travel

CONCERNING CORSICA. By Réné Juta. Illustrations by Jan Juta. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.75.

By her own confession, Réné Juta gets more than one hundred per cent interest out of places and people. Her enthusiasm, as much as anything Corsican, impresses the reader. Corsica and its adjacent islands are rich in legends of song and story. Near one of these islands, during a storm many years ago, Cardinal Newman wrote his hymn "Lead, Kindly Light." Garibaldi, who before his death in 1882 prophesied that "Italy must have *one* man—a strong man—at the head," is buried on the island of Caprera. At Calvi is the traditional birthplace of Columbus. Here, too, Nelson lost an eye in action.

Descriptions of graves of dead heroes, of towns perched on golden cliffs, of fishermen in little harbors where the famous *langouste* is caught, and where the fish are "batiked like the sea, are frilled and finned, fanned and almost feathered in rainbow colors," make vivid pictures. For the archæologist there is an interesting chapter on the "Nuraghi," curious conical towers built of large stone blocks without cement, relics of an early Sardinian civilization which some authorities place before 3000 B.C.

"Concerning Corsica" is a book of many gorgeous metaphors and glowing similes; the illustrations by Jan Juta are as decorative as the text. There are some practical suggestions for traveling about the island, and a useful appendix with directions on how to get there, the price of hotels, and which of these have nightingales and syringa in the garden, and a timely reminder to carry your own flea powder when you go to this paradise tempered by fleas.

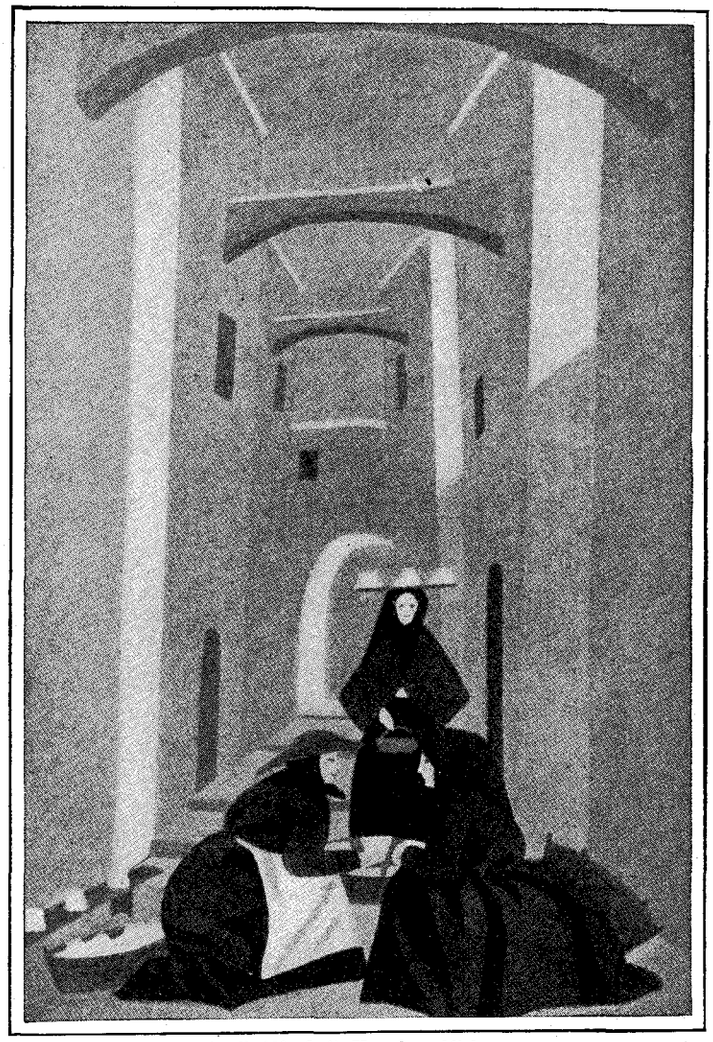
THE SAGA OF A SUPERCARGO. By Fullerton Waldo. Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. The Macrae Smith Company, Philadelphia. $3.

The indefinable but unmistakable mark of a good journalist is evident on every page of this record of a voyage to Greenland for a cargo of kryolith. Although ex-Secretary Redfield does not say as much in his "Dependent America," this stone is evidently one of the many essential materials which the United States must import. Kryolith is used as a solvent with bauxite in the production of aluminum, and is an increasingly important element in the porcelain and enamel industries. It is no simple matter to mine the stone. It requires the constant attention of the pick of Denmark's junior technical experts. Mr. Waldo makes interesting reading of this, and of every dog, cat, and Eskimo baby that crossed his path. Simple and distinguished writing raises the book to the high level of its title, however, in his account of the actual voyage, and particularly in his transcriptions of the tales of the captain of the Bauta.

Religion

THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS. By Bruce Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

Here Mr. Barton follows, in his familiar but never irreverent way of talking, the method pursued in his so widely read "The Man Nobody Knows." What is the Bible? How did we get it? How far is it inspired? What is its history? How did all these writings—literature, poetry, history, legislation, prophecy, ecstasy—come together in one work? Why is it now and always the "best seller"? Questions like these Mr. Barton presents and discusses freely but not controversially. Its information is conveyed in a manner that is the reverse of "preachy," that is always picturesque and incentive of interest.



From "Concerning Corsica," Alfred A. Knopf, publisher

"Selling Cheese — Bastia"

The black-robed women sell their little white goats'-milk cheeses, called "brocchio," in the dark vaulted streets of Bastia

ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

In seven essays the author attempts a psychological study of the problem of evil, an inquiry into the nature of God, and an elucidation of one of the root causes of war —false patriotism, the jingo spirit. This he unmasks as pooled self-esteem, the ferment of suppressed egos which have not found normal outlets. When men become aware that to boast of their country is as vulgar as boasting of their wives, he believes, national egotism will subside and warfare become obsolete.

Fiction

FROM NINE TO NINE. By Leo Perutz. The Viking Press, New York. $2.

This is truly something new in a mystery story. It has been claimed that in the instant before dying men sometimes see a panorama of their past lives. Part of the mystery of "From Nine to Nine" lies in the reversion of this experience. The story is told in a bewildering series of incidents that grow more amusing as the reader is let in on the secret. It becomes Stanislaus Demba and the reader *versus* order and the Viennese police. The young student has committed a crime well known to librarians, and escaped from the police. Hiding handcuffs under a long black cape, he stalks through a day of adventure while trying to obtain the 200 kronen necessary to elope with Sonia. Amusing misfortunes of necessity follow each attempt. Striking characterizations of Demba, Sonia, and their intimates and ingenious situations mark this original tale. The climax is a humorous scene in a Viennese café, but it is that peculiar brand of humor, with an underlying grimness, that comes out of the north.

THE DESERT THOROUGHBRED. By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

There is excitement enough here to satisfy the most avid lover of danger and adventure. The innocent and lovely heroine is bandied about between two villains, from one side of the Mexican border to the other, and the rancher-hero, supposed to be a murderer but actually an innocent and noble gentleman, an author, and a breeder of Arabian steeds, foils her enemies and his own, to the great satisfaction of all readers. The incidents and plot are ingeniously planned.

Literature

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2 vols. Vol. I—The Middle Ages and the Renascence (650–1660). By Emile Legouis. Translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.75.

We had read many histories, complete or partial, of English literature, and to the

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total effect of that reading we attribute much of the sadness of our life. We entertained no hope of a history of English literature that should evince profound erudition, without somniferous parade thereof; that should be thorough, yet obedient to the Confucian maxim to avoid preoccupation with trifles; independent, without assertiveness; delicate in its judgments, without preciousness; humorous, without invocation of Momus; well-proportioned; free of tiresome hobbies about the *Zeitgeist*, the *milieu*, evolution—that sort of thing; in fine, a history of English literature that should run its predecessors off the shelves. But here is such a history; at least in part. Let us pray that M. Louis Cazamian, who is to complete the survey in a second volume, will be as well inspired as M. Legouis.

Though, thank Heaven, not Olympian, M. Legouis is sufficiently catholic, his catholicity being charmingly and to good effect qualified by a *soupçon* (maybe more) of the French *esprit*. We say, "to good effect," since it stresses the criterion of form, is offended by the unlicked, the inchoate. The work of translation is commendable.

Notes on New Books

MONARCHS AND MILLIONAIRES. By Lalla Vandervelde. The Adelphi Company, New York. $5.

The wife of a Belgian Minister of State comments on her experiences in Europe and America.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SCAPA SOCIETY. By Richardson Evans. Constable & Co., Ltd., London. 6s.

The Scapa Society is an English organization for checking the abuses of public advertising.

DISEASE PREVENTION. By Dr. H. H. Waite. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $4.50.

By the Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology in the University of Nebraska.

THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY. By C. Showell. A. & C. Black, Ltd., London.

A readable guide-book, well illustrated.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND. By Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

What to read, do, and see if you are going to England.

TWO PREFACES. By Walt Whitman. Foreword by Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.

KARL MARX'S CAPITAL. By A. D. Lindsay. The Oxford University Press, London. $1.

An introductory essay to save you the trouble of reading a ponderous work.

BLOOD PRESSURE, HIGH AND LOW. By Chester Tilton Stone. Allen Ross & Co., New York. $1.50.

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Scott Nearing. The International Publishers, New York. $1.50.

PILLARS OF GOLD. By Mitchell Bronk. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.50.

"Sketches of Christian people, places, and experiences."

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF INVENTION. By T. C. Bridges. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A well-illustrated book for boys and girls, ten to fifteen.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF MYTHS. By Amy Cruse. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

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MUSIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA By Archibald T. Davison. Harper & Brothers, New York. $5.

The Associate Professor of Music at Harvard propounds the questions: What is wrong with it? and, What shall we do about it?

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST. By Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

COUNCIL AND COURTS IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND. By George Burton Adams. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

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Westward

By Dixon Merritt

WHERE is the ultimate West, and when will all things reach it? And, after they reach it, will the earth be stagnant and dead because there will be nothing left to struggle for?

Two bits of editorial comment have started me puzzling over an old mystery; taking out of my memory scraps that I have accumulated through a quarter-century, turning them over, and, somewhat idly, trying to fit them together. I cannot, of course. I am not a scientist, and this is perhaps more deeply scientific than the deepest delvings of our scientific men.

One of those bits of comment was printed in The Outlook. It was based on the belief of scientists, now to be checked by radio, that the continents of the earth are slowly drifting westward—westward and equatorward, the paragraph said. The other bit was in some newspaper and had to do with the asserted fact that radio waves themselves are easily transmissible westward, but are transmissible eastward only with extreme difficulty, and then with no more than partial success.

Here are two westward drifts that I had not known of. Perhaps there are still many—some, almost certainly—that nobody yet suspects. But I started remembering the ones that I had found for myself. Doubtless many other persons knew of them, but that does not change the fact that, so far as I individually am concerned, I found them.

IT was quite a quarter of a century ago that, sitting in the small hours of the morning at the city editor's desk of a little daily newspaper and reading a letter from home which recounted the small doings of the neighborhood, including the removal of a neighbor from one farm to another, it occurred to me to check over the shifting of families from farm to farm within that neighborhood and within my recollection.

When I completed the task, I had a list of thirty-seven such moves. Thirty of them were moves westward. Seven were moves eastward, but of these seven three were of men who had first moved westward and then had gone back to their original homes. Only four out of thirty-seven were permanent moves to the east. Of the thirty families that had moved westward, some had moved nearly north or nearly south, but all west of a north-and-south line.

I have never had either the opportunity or the necessary information to make a similar list for any other neighborhood, but this thing has gone on in my own through the intervening twenty-five years. If I took the time to bring my list up to date, the proportion would be about the same.

If there is any local reason why this should be true, I have never been able to find it. It is an old, slow-changing, colonial-stock neighborhood.

A FEW weeks ago I sat, late one afternoon, in my automobile in a corner of the public square of the courthouse town of my county. An old friend, a lawyer there, came and sat with me, and we talked. Time came for closing the stores around the square, and as the salesmen and proprietors came out I realized that I was a stranger in my own town. Only here and there did I see a face that had been familiar to me in the old days. When my friend and I went over the list of the merchants who used to be there, we found that only two were left of those who kept store when I went out into the world from that town.

In that fact there is nothing remarkable. The list of merchants in any town is practically made new in twenty-five years. But the way in which their places have been filled, if my friend's information is correct, is remarkable. "As the old ones died or retired or failed," he said, "their places were filled by men from the eastern counties. Seventy-five per cent of the men who own businesses in this town to-day came to us from the east."

My friend says that these men closed out their businesses east—from twenty to a hundred miles—and came west because of better schools and better roads. I said: "It appears to me that some of the counties to the west of us have no better roads and no better schools than the counties to the east. Haven't we acquired any business men from those counties to the west?"

"Well," he admitted, "there are poor roads and poor schools to the west, too; but those people—well, they go somewhere else."

West, perhaps? I don't know, and I did not suggest this westward-drift idea to my friend. What I do know is that of both farmers and business men who in that community detach themselves from the soil to which they were born, the great majority, being free for the first time in their lives, drift westward.

That is a thing apart from the general drift of population toward the newer lands of the west, all the way across the continent. What I am speaking of is not mass movement through long distances, but individual movement through distances quite short.

AT about the time that I made that first check of my neighbors' movements twenty-five years ago I had an interest in twenty-odd acres of land which constituted a part of the most promising suburban section of the little city in which I sojourned. The land was immediately south of the city, on the best road leading out from it, with topography much the most attractive to be found around the city, with good houses built squarely up to the property all along the line. Development, everybody knew, was going that way immediately. But it did not. It jumped a mile of slums and sloughs and went west.

I did not know then, being young and not worldly wise, that cities ordinarily do grow westward unless some insurmountable obstacle lies that way—and the obstacle must be really insurmountable, not just apparently so. Washington is, perhaps, the most notable example. There was never a doubt in the minds of George Washington and l'Enfant when they planned the capital city that it would grow from the Capitol grounds eastward. That way the land was high, comparatively level, and in every way attractive. To the west was a region of tide-water creeks and marsh-grass hummocks. Did Washington grow to the east? It did not. It went helter-skelter down the hill into those bogs and creeks and stands ten feet above sea-level instead of two hundred feet, as it might have stood. Until the tidal basin was constructed, at great expense and as the result of consummate engineering skill, the brackish water of the Potomac used, when it pleased, to wash through the buildings on the Mall and along Pennsylvania Avenue. The back door of the Capitol is toward the portion of the city where all the principal buildings are, its front door toward a half-deserted region of cheap houses.

I USED to go tramping every day, after I had finished my editorial work on an evening paper, looking for birds, studying them through a field-glass, climbing to their nests. At the end of

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three years I realized that, while I knew every woods and bush clump and weedy ravine for ten miles west of the city, the region east of the city was practically unexplored country for me. For a thousand days and more I had been tramping out to the west, or more nearly to the west than to any other point of the compass, east only when there was some special reason for doing it.

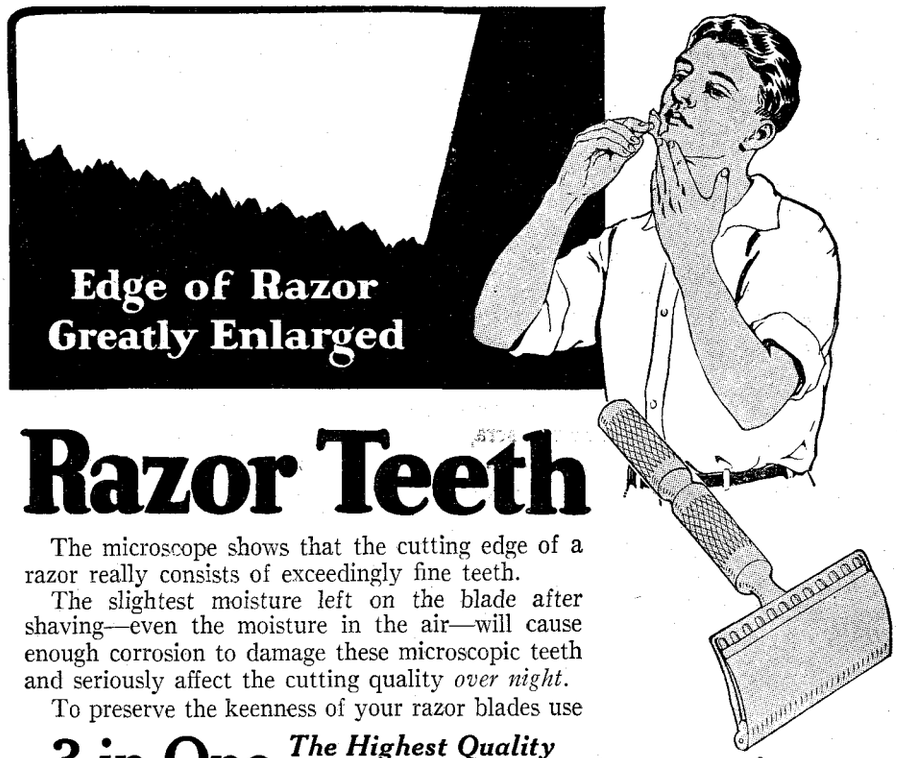
About that time I came by chance upon Thoreau's essay on walking. It was written during his tax-dodging period of playing the hermit at Walden's Pond. Thoreau says in that essay that whenever he came out of his cabin for a walk without having previously fixed upon a destination he invariably and inevitably walked west or southwest—"westward and equatorward," as our editorial writer said of the continents.

Does every man walk westward when he walks naturally? Perhaps the rest of you know whether you do or not. At least two of us have known that we did.

A FEW years ago I became quite enthusiastic over a vigorous kind of grass that grows with wonderful luxuriance in a little bottom in one of our pastures. I thought the world ought to have the benefit of that grass, and I had no doubt that it was native. It has been there ever since I can remember, and, according to tradition, much longer. But Professor Piper, the grass expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, told me that it was a European grass. He went a good deal further and told me that practically all of our grasses were European grasses. He went even further than that. "Our native grasses," he said, "simply cannot hold their own in competition with European grasses. Those brought from Europe exterminate ours, while ours, taken to Europe, struggle for a little while and die." He gave me to understand, in general, that if a species of grass changes or extends its habitat at all, it goes always west, never east.

WHAT else is there? Races, civilizations, empires, religions—all of them, from the dawn of time until this day, have moved westward out of the east, and then on again to a remoter west out of an acquired orient. Men moving from place to place in the same community; men seeking business opportunity near home; cities restless from growing pains—they are drawn to the west. Grass roots and continents—westward!

Possibly all of this can be explained. Drawn by the tidal force of the moon; trying to attain the sunset—no end of explanations. David Grayson, you may



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remember, asked an old botanist, "How does the sap climb to the top of that tree?" The old man, tired of futile questions, no doubt, said that he didn't know. "What," exclaimed his questioner, "you, a scientist, can't explain that?" "Oh, yes," said the old man, "certainly I can explain it—but, when I get through explaining, I don't know."

I am not trying to explain the western drift. And, when I come to think of it, I do not know why I have written all this—unless it is to reassure those Americans who think that we are to be overrun by Orientals. Can they not see that we are east of China, and that even the almond-eyed must, as some of us have been taught, approach the east by way of the west? It is a long way from China to California going west.

Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

ANOTHER step has been made in recorded music which, if not directly in line with the phonograph, is so nearly so that it should be mentioned here. That is the Vitaphone, commented upon in an earlier issue of The Outlook. It synchronizes music with motion pictures. And in order to do so it plays specially prepared phonograph records on a machine whose motor is timed perfectly with the motor that operates the motion-picture reels. The records play for fifteen minutes without pause. The reproduction is on a more complete scale than I have ever heard before; there is decidedly more bass, more volume.

This is "bullish" news for phonograph enthusiasts. Putting symphony orchestra recordings, operas, and instrumental music into movie theaters from coast to coast should accelerate rather than retard the demand for such music in the home. As a result, we shall all have a wider selection of "canned music" to choose from.

A short time ago New Yorkers had the pleasure of hearing Frederick Stock, as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, play Goldmark's overture "In Springtime." But to those in the audience who were familiar with Stock's recording of it (Victor) his interpretation was no novelty. Nor, with slight exceptions, was the tonal effect of the full orchestra "in the flesh" a novelty. It was uncanny to realize how close to the original the reproduction had come. A further triumph for "new-style" records and machines!

Phonograph Records

VALSE TRISTE, "KUOLEMA" (Sibelius); **SERENADE** (Volkmann) and **FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE** (Rimsky-Korsakoff). Played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock. Victor.

This time of year seems to be the low ebb of the musical season, in the minds of our phonograph companies. A month ago Toscanini's interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music (Brunswick) stood out like an oasis in a desert. This month there is nothing outstanding. True, Frederick Stock and the Chicago Orchestra—a conductor who ranks at the very top, and one of the finest ensembles in the country—give us ten minutes of noteworthy performance. But their program is lighter than the orchestra deserves.

"Valse Triste" and the "Bumble Bee" are excellent of their kind; Volkmann's "Serenade" is not made of as enduring stuff. In the Sibelius number Stock brings out eloquently the contrast between the slow, plaintive theme and the lighter, more rhythmic waltz figure. He is just as successful in putting fire into Rimsky-Korsakoff's orchestral *tour de force*. The recording is consistently good. A united body of strings sings out powerfully and resonantly in "Valse Triste"—and it is a pleasure to hear the bows "bite" the strings in the opening of the "Bumble Bee."

SEMIRAMIDE (Rossini). Played by the British Broadcasting Company's Wireless Symphony Orchestra. Columbia.

The only other orchestral number of the month is this sparkling Rossini overture. We imagine that in its heyday it must have been whistled as frequently as "Valencia" has been the past season. The orchestra that plays it is not at all the perfunctory organization one might expect to hear under such a title. Although it has not the finish of a crack symphony orchestra, it gives an entirely enjoyable performance. The recording, too, is clear and strong.

PRELUDE IN A FLAT MAJOR (Chopin); **ETUDE IN C MINOR** (Chopin) and **WALTZ IN A FLAT MAJOR** (Brahms). Played by Percy Grainger. Columbia.

Grainger is more in his element, and appears to be enjoying himself more, when tackling the broad pianistic figures of the "Etude" than when he restrains himself to the mood of the "Prelude." But he is also able to give, as if for an *encore* to the "Etude," a simple rendition of the famous Brahms Waltz that exposes it in all its unassuming beauty.

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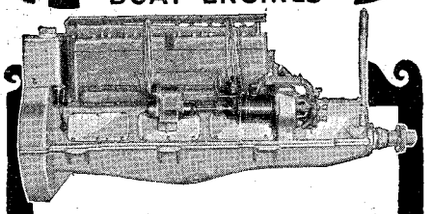

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The piano recording is perhaps overresonant. It sounds better in the next room than it does at close range. (This, of course, applies only when played on a new-style phonograph.)

GUNGA DIN (Kipling-Spross); **BOOTS** (Kipling-Felman). Sung by Reinald Werrenrath. Victor.

"Gunga Din" is a disappointment. The music is commonplace. But "Boots" makes up for its partner's shortcomings with an atmosphere and rhythm that are irresistible. You can actually feel the marching motion, hear the shuffling feet as the Tommies swing down the road. Werrenrath sings the ballads as they should be sung—with the accent of a dyed-in-the-wool Cockney, and with more emphasis on the words than on the music.

MANON—PLUS DE CHIMERES (Massenet); **IL BACIO** (Arditi). Sung by Maria Kurenko. Columbia.

The Massenet aria is an agreeable slice from French opera. "Il Bacio" is in the form of a whirling Viennese waltz, which requires accurate voice control. This Maria Kurenko has, but at the same time her tone is not altogether pleasing.

MESSIAH—HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Handel), sung by the Sheffield Choir; **LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY** (Elgar-Benson), sung by Harold Williams, with Band of H. M. Grenadier Guards. Columbia.

The Sheffield Choir's "Hallelujah Chorus" suffers sadly from comparison with the Trinity Choir recording (Victor), which is, incidentally, the finest chorus record I have heard. Tone, attack, interpretation, are all inferior. The song on the reverse of the disc, which Elgar probably regrets having written by this time, is sung indifferently well, with impressive volume.

MELODY (Dawes); **ROMANCE** (Rubinstein-Wieniawski). Played by Carl Flesch. Edison: can be played only with Edison reproducer.

To Vice-President Dawes's expressive little "Melody" and the melodious and distinctly violinistic "Romance" Carl Flesch has added a confident interpretation. His tone is full and "throaty," especially in double-stopping.

Piano Rolls

HOMMAGE À RAMEAU (Debussy). Played by Walter Gieseking. Ampico.

In this piece of reproduced music Gieseking has shown himself a past-master at interpreting Debussy. Under his touch, Debussy's rich vague harmonies make the sounding-board of the piano echo like some massive Æolian harp.

SONATA IN G MAJOR (Scarlatti—revised by Dukas). Played by Myra Hess. Duo-Art.

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CULTURED young lady, holding best references and experienced in traveling, wishes position as companion to lady. Recent graduate of elocution school. 7,152, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman, holding best references and experienced in travel, wishes position to chaperon one or two persons. Europe preferred. 7,195, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman; good sewer. 7,185, Outlook.

LADY with best testimonials in regard to ability and character would tutor young children in elementary grades: also kindergarten experience. 7,180, Outlook.

POSITION, by refined woman, as companion to elderly lady. 7,193, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, specially trained by two of the most noted nerve specialists of the country, desires position as companion or housekeeper in a gentleman's winter home in the South, or will chaperon a young lady wishing to study or live abroad. Best Philadelphia references furnished. 7,160, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires position governess or companion. Used to travel, good shopper. Charge of maids and house if desired. Refined home more important than remuneration. References. 7,194, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL position wanted by young woman who has had three years' experience as secretary in girls' boarding school. Can give good references. 7,158, Outlook.

WANTED, by college woman, position in university town—private housekeeping or housemother dormitory. 7,188, Outlook.

WANTED, by educated, refined, traveled woman with home obligations, a position as hostess, matron, or housemother in college or university town. 7,179, Outlook.

WANTED, October 1, position manager of business women's club. Educated middle-aged lady, tea room, cafeteria, and hotel experience. Understands catering to discriminating people. References. 7,182, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as head of department of physical education in college, private or high school. 7,178, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman with executive training and wide experience—position as managing housekeeper in institution; charge of high class apartment house; hostess; pastor's assistant; dietitian. Exceptional references. 7,170, Outlook.

WOMAN of unusual qualifications and experience desires first-class position—to take complete charge of motherless child or widower's small family. 7,189, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, some hospital training, successful with children, wishes institutional work, companion, "elder sister," care motherless home, or any position of trust. 7,184, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NURSE wishes semi-invalid boarders. Box 44, Grampian, Pa.

IDEAL New England home offered for little girl. $15 weekly. 7,174, Outlook.

FREE home and mother's care for orphan girl of nine or ten. Must be truthful and have ability and ambition for an education. 7,181, Outlook.

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